4

LOVE's Laſt Shift:

OR,

The FOOL in Faſhion.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by C. CIBBER.

——— *Fuit hæc Sapientia quondam,*
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jure maritis.
HOR. de Art. Poet.

LONDON:

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MDCCXXXV.

TO

RICHARD NORTON,

OF

SOUTHWICK, Eſq;

SIR,

THO' I can't, without Ingratitude, conceal the exceeding Favours which the Town have ſhewn this Piece; yet they muſt give me leave to own, that even my Vanity lay huſh'd, quite ſtifled in my Fears, till I had ſecurely fix'd its good Fortune, by publiſhing your Approbation of it: An Advantage, which, as it will confirm my Friends in their favourable Opinion, ſo it muſt, in ſome meaſure, qualify the Severity of the Malicious. After this Declaration, let the World imagine how difficult it is for me not to launch into your Character: But ſince your Candour and Depth of Judgment are my chief Protection, I am loth to diſcompoſe you, by an ungrateful Repetition of thoſe Virtues, which only pleaſe

you in the Practice: The World as little wants the Knowledge of 'em, as you desire the Recital.

'Tis your Happiness, SIR, that your Fortune has fix'd you above the need of Praise, or Friends, yet both are equally unavoidable: For even to your Solitude, Praise will follow you, and grows fonder of you for your Coldness; she loves you for your Choice of Pleasures, those noble Pleasures of a sweet Retirement, from which nothing but the Consideration of your Country's Weal can draw you.

But as no Man can properly be made a Patron, whose Virtues have not in some sort qualified him for such a Care: So, SIR, it is sufficient for me, that your Life and Conversation are the best Heralds of your Power, and my Safety.

Here, SIR, I must beg Leave to clear myself from what the ill Wishes of some wou'd have the World believe, that what I now offer you is spurious, and not the Product of my own Labour. And tho' I am pleas'd that this Report seems to allow it some Beauties, yet I am sorry it has made a Discovery of some Persons, who think me worth their Malice. This DEDICATION were little better than an Affront, unless I cou'd with all Sincerity assure you, SIR, that the Fable is entirely my own; nor is there a Line or Thought throughout the whole, for which I am wittingly oblig'd either to the Dead or Living: For I cou'd no more be pleas'd with a stolen Reputation, than with a Mistress who yielded only upon the Interception of my Friend. It satisfies me, SIR, that you believe it mine; and I hope, what others say to the contrary, is rather owing to an unreasonable Disgust, than their real Opinion. I am

not

not ignorant of thoſe Overſights I have committed, nor have the diſſecting Criticks much diſcourag'd me: For 'tis their Diverſion to find Fault; and to have none, is to them an unpardonable Diſappointment; no Man can expect to go free, while they don't ſpare one another. But as I write not in Defiance of their Cenſure; ſo, after having diverted you, SIR, I ſhall not trouble them with a *Preface.* Had it not ſucceeded, I ſhould have had Modeſty enough to impute it to my own want of Merit: For certainly the Town can take no Pleaſure in decrying any Man's Labours, when 'tis their Intereſt to encourage 'em. Every Gueſt is the beſt Judge of his own Palate; and a Poet ought no more to impoſe good Senſe upon the Galleries, than dull Farce upon the undiſputed Judges. I firſt conſider'd who my Gueſts were, before I prepar'd my Entertainment: And therefore I ſhall only add this, as a general Anſwer to all Objections, that it has every way exceeded mine, and hitherto has not wrong'd the *Houſe*'s Expectation: That Mr. *Southern*'s Good-nature (whoſe own Works beſt recommend his Judgment) engaged his Reputation for the Succeſs; which its Reception, and your Approbation, SIR, has ſince redeem'd, to the intire Satisfaction of,

SIR,

Your moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

PROLOGUE,

By a Friend.

Spoken by Mr. VERBRUGGEN.

WIT bears ſo thin a Crop this duller Age,
We're forc'd to glean it from the barren Stage:
E'en Players, fledg'd by nobler Pens, take (Wing
Themſelves, and their own rude Compoſures ſing.
Nor need our Young-one dread a Ship-wreck here;
Who trades without a Stock, has nought to fear.
In ev'ry Smile of yours a Prize he draws;
And if you damn him, he's but where he was.
Yet where's the Reaſon for the Critick Crew,
With killing Blaſts, like Winter, to purſue
The tender Plant, that ripens but for you?
Nature, in all her Works, requires Time;
Kindneſs, and Years, 'tis makes the Virgin climb,
And ſhoot, and haſten to th' expected Prime;
And then, if untaught Fancy fail to pleaſe,
Y' inſtruct the willing Pupil by Degrees;
By gentle Leſſons you your Joys improve,
And mould her awkard Paſſion into Love,
E'en Folly has its Growth: Few Fools are made;
You drudge and ſweat for't, as it were a Trade.
'Tis half the Labour of your trifling Age,
To faſhion you fit Subjects for the Stage.

Well!

PROLOGUE.

Well! if our Author fail to draw you like;
In the firſt Draught, you're not t'expect Vandyke.
What tho' no Maſter-ſtroke in this appears,
Yet ſome may Features find reſembling theirs.
Nor do the bad alone his Colours ſhare;
Neglected Virtue is at leaſt ſhewn fair,
And that's enough o'Conſcience for a Play'r.
But if you'd have him take a bolder Flight,
And draw your Pictures by a truer Light,
You muſt your ſelves, by Follies yet unknown,
Inſpire his Pencil, and divert the Town.
Nor judge, by this, his Genius at a ſtand;
For Time, that makes new Fools, may mend his Hand.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Will. Wiſewoud.* A rich old Gentleman, that fancies himſelf a great Maſter of his Paſſion, which he only is in trivial Matters.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Loveleſs. Of a debauch'd Life, grew weary of his Wife in ſix Months; left her and the Town, for Debts he did not care to pay; and having ſpent the laſt part of his Eſtate beyond Sea, returns to *England* in a very mean Condition.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Sir *Novelty Faſhion.* A Coxcomb that loves to be the firſt in all Foppery.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Elder Worthy. A ſober Gentleman, of a fair Eſtate, in love with *Hillaria.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Young Worthy. His Brother, of a looſer Temper, Lover to *Narciſſa.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Snap. Servant to *Loveleſs.*	Mr. *Cibber* jun.
Sly. Servant to *Young Worthy.*	Mr. *Miller.*
A Lawyer.	Mr. *Roſco.*

WOMEN.

Amanda. A Woman of ſtrict Virtue, married to *Loveleſs* very young, and forſaken by him.	Mrs. *Porter.*
Narciſſa. Daughter to Sir *William Wiſewoud*, a Fortune.	Mrs. *Thurmond.*
Hillaria. His Niece.	Mrs. *Heron.*
Flareit. A kept Miſtreſs of Sir *Novelty*'s.	Mrs. *Mills.*
Woman to *Amanda.*	
Maid to *Flareit.*	
Servants, &c.	

The SCENE, *London.*

LOVE's Laſt Shift:

OR,

The FOOL in Faſhion.

ACT I.

SCENE *The Park.*

Enter Loveleſs, *and* Snap *his Servant.*

LOVELESS.

SIRRAH! leave your Preaching: —— Your Counſel, like an ill Clock, either ſtands ſtill, or goes too ſlow: ——You ne'er thought my Extravagancies amiſs, while you had your Share of 'em; and now I want Money to make myſelf drunk, you adviſe me to live ſober, you Dog. ——They that will hunt Pleaſure as I ha' done, Raſcal, muſt never give over in a fair Chace.

Snap. Nay, I knew you would never reſt, till you had tir'd your Dogs. —— Ah! Sir! what a fine Pack

of Guineas have you had! and yet you would make 'em run till they were quite ſpent.——Wou'd I were fairly turn'd out of your Service.—Here we have been three Days in Town, and I can ſafely ſwear I have liv'd upon picking a hollow Tooth ever ſince.

Love. Why don't you eat then, Sirrah?

Snap. E'en becauſe I don't know where, Sir.

Love. Then ſtay till I eat, Hang-Dog! Ungrateful Rogue! to murmur at a little faſting with me, when thou haſt been an equal Partner of my good Fortune.

Snap. Fortune! ——— It makes me weep to think what you have brought yourſelf and me to! How well might you ha' liv'd, Sir, had you been a ſober Man!—Let me ſee ——— I ha' been in your Service juſt ten Years: — In the firſt you married and grew weary of your Wife: In the ſecond you whor'd, drank, gam'd, run in Debt, mortgag'd your Eſtate, and was forc'd to leave the Kingdom: In the third, fourth, fifth ſixth, and ſeventh you made the Tour of *Europe*, with the State and Equipage of a *French* Court-Favourite, while your poor Wife at home broke her Heart for the Loſs of you: In the eighth and ninth you grew poor, and little the wiſer; and now in the tenth you are reſolv'd I ſhall ſtarve with you.

Love. Deſpicable Rogue! can'ſt thou not bear the Frowns of a common Strumpet, Fortune?

Snap. ——'Sbud, I never think of the Pearl Necklace you gave that damn'd *Venetian* Strumpet, but I wiſh her hang'd in't.

Love. Why, Sirrah, I knew I cou'd not have her without it; and I had a Night's Enjoyment of her, was worth a Pope's Revenue for't.

Snap. Ah! you had better ha' laid out your Money here in *London*; I'll undertake you might have had the whole Town over and over for half the Price.—Beſide, Sir, what a delicate Creature was your Wife! She was the

the only celebrated Beauty in Town; I'll undertake there were more Fops and Fools run mad for her —— 'Sbud ſhe was more plagu'd with 'em, and more talk'd of than a good Actreſs with a Maiden-head! Why the Devil cou'd not ſhe content you?

Love. No, Sirrah; the World to me is a Garden ſtock'd with all ſorts of Fruit, where the greateſt Pleaſure we can take, is in the Variety of Taſte: But a Wife is an eternal Apple-tree; after a pull or two, you are ſure to ſet your Teeth on Edge.

Snap. And yet I warrant you grudg'd another Man a Bit of her, tho' you valu'd her no more than you wou'd a half-eaten Pippin, that had lain a Week a ſunning in a Parlour Window. — But ſee, Sir, who's this? ——— for methinks I long to meet with an old Acquaintance?

Love. Ha! egad, he looks like one, and may be neceſſary, as the Caſe ſtands with me.——

Snap. Pray Heaven he do but invite us to Dinner!

Enter Young Worthy.

Love. Dear *Worthy!* let me embrace thee; the ſight of an old Friend warms me, beyond that of a new Miſtreſs.

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! what Bully's this? [*Aſide.*] Sir, your Pardon, I don't know you.

Love. Faith, *Will,* I am a little out of Repairs at preſent: But I am all that's left of honeſt *Ned Loveleſs.*

Y. Wor. Loveleſs! I am amaz'd! What means this Metamorphoſis? —— Faith, *Ned,* I am glad to find thee amongſt the Living, however —— How long haſt thou been in Town?

Love. About three Days. —— But prithee, *Will,* how goes the World?

Y. Wor. Why like a Bowl, it runs on at the old rate; Intereſt is ſtill the Jack it aims at; and while it rowls, you know, it muſt of Neceſſity be often turn'd upſide down,

down.—But I doubt, Friend, you have bowled out of the Green, have liv'd a little too faſt, [*ſurveying his Dreſs*] like one that hath loſt all his ready Money, and forc'd to be an idle Spectator.—Prithee, what brought thee at laſt to *England?*

Love. Why, my laſt Hopes, faith, which were to perſuade Sir *William Wiſewoud* (if he be alive) to whom I mortgaged my Eſtate, to let me have Five Hundred Pounds more upon it, or elſe to get ſome honeſt Friend to redeem the Mortgage, and ſhare the Overplus. Beſides, I thought that *London* might now be a place of uninterrupted Pleaſure; for I hear my Wife is dead: and to tell you the Truth, 'twas the Staleneſs of her Love was the main Cauſe of my going over.

Y. Wor. His Wife dead! Ha! I'm glad he knows no other; I won't undeceive him, leſt the Rogue ſhould go and rifle her of what ſhe has [*Aſide.*] Yes, faith, I was at her Burial, and ſaw her take Poſſeſſion of her long Home, and am ſorry to tell you, *Ned*, ſhe died with Grief: your wild Courſes broke her Heart.

Love. Why, faith, ſhe was a good-natur'd Fool, that's the Truth on't: Well! reſt her Soul.

Snap. Now, Sir, you are a ſingle Man indeed, for you have neither Wife nor Eſtate.

Y. Wor. But how haſt thou improv'd thy Money beyond Sea? What haſt thou brought over?

Love. Oh, a great deal of Experience.

Y. Wor. And no Money?

Snap. Not a Souſe, faith, Sir, as my Belly can teſtify.

Love. But I have a great deal more Wit than I had.

Snap. Not enough to get your Eſtate again, or to know where we ſhall dine to-day.—(O Lord, he don't ask us yet!) [*Aſide.*

Y. Wor. Why, your Rogue's witty, *Ned*; where didſt thou pick him up?

Love.

Love. Don't you remember *Snap*, formerly your Pimp in Ordinary? But he is much improved in his Calling, I aſſure you, Sir.

Y. Wor. I don't doubt it, conſidering who has been his Maſter.

Snap. Yes, Sir, I was an humble Servant of yours, and am ſtill, Sir, and ſhould be glad to ſtand behind your Chair at Dinner, Sir. [*Bows.*

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, that you may do another time; but to-day I'm engag'd upon Buſineſs; however there's a Meal's Meat for you. [*Throws him a Guinea.*

Snap. Bleſs my Eye-ſight! a Guinea!—Sir, is there e'er a Whore you wou'd have kick'd? any old Bawd's Windows you would have broken? Shall I beat your Taylor for diſappointing you? or your Surgeon, that would be paid for a Clap of two Years ſtanding? If you have Occaſion, you may command your humble Servant———

Y. Wor. Sweet Sir, I am obliged to you: But at preſent am ſo happy as to have no Occaſion for your Aſſiſtance. — But hark you, *Ned*; Prithee, what haſt thou done with thy Eſtate?

Love. I pawn'd it to buy Pleaſure; that is, old Wine, young Whores, and the Converſation of brave Fellows, as mad as my ſelf. Pox! if a Man hath Appetites, they are Torments, if not indulged. I ſhall never complain as long as I have Health and Vigour: And as for my Poverty, why the Devil ſhould I be aſhamed of that, ſince a rich Man won't bluſh at his Knavery?

Y. Wor. Faith, *Ned*, I'm as much in love with Wickedneſs as thou canſt be, but I'm for having it at a cheaper Rate than my Ruin. Don't it grate you a little to ſee your Friends bluſh for you?

Love. 'Tis very odd, that People ſhou'd be more aſhamed of others Faults than their own: I never yet cou'd

cou'd meet with a Man that offered me Counſel, but had more Occaſion for it himſelf.

Y. Wor. So far you may be in the right: For indeed, good Counſel is like a home Jeſt, which every buſy Fool is offering to his Fellow, and yet won't take it himſelf.

Love. Right —— Thus have I known a jolly red-nos'd Parſon, at three o'the Clock in the Morning, belch out Invectives againſt late Hours, and hard Drinking; and a canting hypocritical Sinner proteſt againſt Fornication, when the Rogue was himſelf juſt crawling out of a Flux.

Y. Wor. Tho' theſe are Truths, Friend, yet I don't ſee any Advantage you can draw from them. Prithee, how wilt thou live, now all your Money's gone?

Love. Live! How doſt thou live? thou art but a younger Brother, I take it.

Y. Wor. Oh, very well, Sir; (tho' faith, my Father left me but 3000 *l.*) one of which I gave for a Place at Court, that I ſtill enjoy; the other two are gone after Pleaſure, as thou ſay'ſt. But beſides this, I am ſupply'd by the continual Bounty of an indulgent Brother: Now, I am loth to load his good Nature too much, and therefore have e'en thought fit, like the reſt of my raking Brotherhood, to purge out my wild Humours with Matrimony: By the way, I have taken Care to ſee the Doſe well ſweetned with a ſwinging Portion.

Love. Ah! *Will*, you'll find marrying to cure Lewdneſs, is like ſurfeiting to cure Hunger: For all the Conſequence is, you loath what you ſurfeit on, and are only chaſte to her you marry. — But prithee, Friend, what is thy Wife that muſt be?

Y. Wor. Why, faith, ſince I believe the Matter is too far gone for any Man to poſtpone me, (at leaſt, I am ſure, thou wilt not do me an Injury to do thy ſelf no Good) I'll tell thee: —— You muſt know, my Miſtreſs

is

is the Daughter of that very Knight to whom you mortgaged your Eſtate, Sir *William Wiſewoud.*

Love. Why, ſhe's an Heireſs, and has 1000 *l.* a Year in her own Hands, if ſhe be of Age: But I ſuppoſe the old Man knows nothing of your Intentions. Therefore, prithee, how have you had Opportunities of promoting your Love?

Y. Wor. Why thus: —You muſt know, Sir *William* (being very well acquainted with the Largeneſs of my Brother's Eſtate) deſigns his Daughter for him; and to encourage his Paſſion, offers him, out of his own Pocket, the additional Bleſſing of 5000 *l.* This Offer my Brother, knowing my Inclinations, ſeems to embrace; but at the ſame time is really in Love with his Niece, who lives with him in the ſame Houſe: And therefore, to hide my Deſign from the old Gentleman, I pretend Viſits to his Daughter, as an Interceſſor for my Brother only; and thus he has given me daily Opportunities of advancing my own Intereſt; —— nay, and I have ſo contriv'd it, that I deſign to have the 5000 *l.* too.

Love. How is that poſſible, ſince I ſee no Hopes of the old Man's Conſent for you?

Y. Wor. Have a Day's Patience, and you'll ſee the Effects on't: In a Word, 'tis ſo ſure, that nothing but Delays can hinder my Succeſs; therefore I am very earneſt with my Miſtreſs, that to-morrow may be the Day: But a Pox on't, I have two Women to prevail with; for my Brother quarrels every other Day with his Miſtreſs; and while I am reconciling him, I loſe Ground in my own Amour.

Love. Why, has not your Miſtreſs told you her Mind yet?

Y. Wor. She will, I ſuppoſe, as ſoon as ſhe knows it herſelf; for within this Week ſhe has chang'd it as often as her Linen, and keeps it as ſecret too: for ſhe wou'd

no

no more own her Love before my Face, than ſhe wou'd ſhift herſelf before my Face.

Love. Pſhaw! ſhe ſhews it the more, by ſtriving to conceal it.

Y. Wor. Nay, ſhe does give me ſome Proofs indeed; for ſhe will ſuffer no Body but herſelf to ſpeak ill of me, is always uneaſy till I am ſent for, never pleas'd when I am with her, and ſtill jealous when I leave her.

Love. Well! Succeſs to thee, *Will*; I will ſend the Fiddles, to releaſe you from your firſt Night's Labour.

Y. Wor. But, hark you; have a Care of diſobliging the Bride though. —— Ha! yonder goes my Brother. I am afraid his walking ſo early, proceeds from ſome Diſturbance in his Love; I muſt after him, and ſet him right.——Dear *Ned*, you'll excuſe me: Shall I ſee you at the *Blue Poſts* between Five and Six this Afternoon?

Love. With all my Heart: ——— But, d'ye hear?—Can'ſt not thou lend me the Fellow to that ſame Guinea you gave my Man? I'll give you my Bond, if you miſtruſt me.

Y. Wor. Oh, Sir, your Neceſſity is Obligation enough: —— There 'tis, and all I have, faith; when I ſee you at Night, you may command me farther.—— Adieu; at Six at fartheſt. [*Exit* Y. Wor.

Love. Without fail.—So! Now, Raſcal, you are an hungry, are you? Thou deſerveſt never to eat again.—Rogue! grumble before Fortune had quite forſaken us!

Snap. Ah! Dear Sir, the Thoughts of eating again have ſo tranſported me, I am reſolved to live and die with you.

Love. Look ye, Sirrah, here's that will provide us of a Dinner, and a Brace of Whores into the Bargain; at leaſt as * Guineas and Whores go now.

* Guineas went then at 30 s.

Snap.

Snap. Ah! good Sir! no Whores before Dinner, I beſeech you.

Love. Well, for once I'll take your Advice; for, to ſay the Truth, a Man is as unfit to follow Love with an empty Stomach, as Buſineſs with an empty Head: Therefore I think a Bit and a Bottle won't be amiſs firſt.

The Gods of Wine and Love were ever Friends;
For by the help of Wine, Love gains his Ends. [Exeunt.

Enter Elder Worthy *with a Letter.*

El. Wor. How hard it is to find that Happineſs which our ſhort-ſighted Paſſions hope from Woman! 'tis not their cold Diſdain or Cruelty ſhould make a faithful Lover curſe his Stars, that is but reaſonable; 'tis the Shadow in our Pleaſure's Picture: Without it, Love could ne'er be heighten'd. No, 'tis their Pride and vain Deſire of many Lovers, that robs our Hope of its imagined Rapture: The Blind are only happy: For if we look thro' Reaſon's never-erring Perſpective, we then ſurvey their Souls, and view the Rubbiſh we were chaff'ring for: And ſuch I find *Hillaria*'s Mind is made of. This Letter is an Order for the knocking off my Fetters, and I'll ſend it her immediately.

Enter to him Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. 'Morrow, Brother, [*ſeeing the Letter*] What, is your Fit return'd again? What Beau's Box now has *Hillaria* taken Snuff from? What Fool has led her from the Box to her Coach? What Fop has ſhe ſuffer'd to read a Play or a Novel to her? Or whoſe Money has ſhe indiſcreetly won at *Baſſet?* — Come, come, let's ſee the ghaſtly Wound ſhe has made in your Quiet, that I may know how much Claret to preſcribe you.

El. Wor. I have my Wound and Cure from the ſame Perſon, I'll aſſure you; the one from *Hillaria*'s Wit and Beauty, and the other from her Pride and Vanity.

Y. Wor

Y. Wor. That's what I could ne'er yet find her guilty of: are you angry at her loving you?

El. Wor. I am angry at myſelf, for believing ſhe ever did.

Y. Wor. Have her Actions ſpoke the contrary? Come, you know ſhe loves.

El. Wor. Indeed ſhe gave a great Proof on't laſt Night here in the *Park*, by faſt'ning on a Fool, and careſſing him before my Face, when ſhe might have ſo eaſily avoided him.

Y. Wor. What! and I warrant, interrupted you in the middle of your Sermon; for I don't queſtion but you were preaching to her. But, prithee, who was the Fool ſhe faſten'd upon?

El. Wor. One that Heaven intended for a Man; but the whole Buſineſs of his Life is, to make the World believe he is of another Species. A Thing that affects mightily to ridicule himſelf, only to give others a kind of Neceſſity of praiſing him. I can't ſay he's a Slave to any new Faſhion, for he pretends to be Maſter of it, and is ever reviving ſome old, or advancing ſome new Piece of Foppery; and tho' it don't take, is ſtill as well pleaſed, becauſe it then obliges the Town to take the more Notice of him. He's ſo fond of a publick Reputation, that he is more extravagant in his Attempts to gain it, than the Fool that fir'd *Diana*'s Temple to immortalize his Name.

Y. Wor. You have ſaid enough to tell me his Name is Sir *Novelty Faſhion*.

El. Wor. The ſame: But that which moſt concerns me, he has the Impudence to addreſs to *Hillaria*, and ſhe Vanity enough not to diſcard him.

Y. Wor. Is this all? Why, thou art as hard to pleaſe in a Wife, as thy Miſtreſs in a new Gown: How many Women have you took in Hand, and yet can't pleaſe yourſelf at laſt?

El. Wor.

El. Wor. I had need to have the beſt Goods, when I offer ſo great a Price as Marriage for them: *Hillaria* has ſome good Qualities, but not enough to make a Wife of.

Y. Wor. She has Beauty.

El. Wor. Granted.

Y. Wor. And Money.

El. Wor. Too much: Enough to ſupply her Vanity.

Y. Wor. She has Senſe.

El. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no Fool.

Y. Wor. She has Wit.

El. Wor. Not enough to deceive me.

Y. Wor. Why then you are happy, if ſhe can't deceive you.

El. Wor. Yet ſhe has Folly enough to endeavour it: I'll ſee her no more, and this ſhall tell her ſo.

Y. Wor. Which in an Hour's Time you'll repent, as much as ever——

El. Wor. As ever I ſhould marrying her.

Y. Wor. You'll have a damn'd meaking Look, when you are forced to aſk her Pardon for your ungenerous Suſpicion, and lay the Fault upon Exceſs of Love.

El. Wor. I am not ſo much in Love as you imagine.

Y. Wor. Indeed, Sir, you are in Love, and that Letter tells her ſo.

El. Wor. Read it, you'll find to the contrary.

Y. Wor. Prithee, I know what's in it better than thou do'ſt: You ſay, 'tis to take your Leave of her; but I ſay, 'tis in hopes of a kind, excuſive Anſwer: But, faith, you miſtake her and yourſelf too; ſhe is too high-ſpirited, not to take you at your Word; and you are too much in Love, not to aſk her Pardon.

El. Wor. Well, then, I'll not be too raſh, but will ſhew my Reſentment, in forbearing my Viſits.

El. Wor. Your Viſits! Come, I ſhall ſoon try what a Man of Reſolution you are;——for yonder ſhe comes: Now, let's ſee if you have Power to move.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. I'll ſoon convince you of that.——Farewell.

Y. Wor. Ha! Gone! I don't like that: I am ſorry to find him ſo reſolute: But I hope *Hillaria* has taken too faſt hold of his Heart, to let this Fit ſhake him off: I muſt to her, and make up this Breach; for while his Amour ſtands ſtill, I have no hopes of advancing my own. [*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria, Narciſſa, *and* Amanda *in Mourning.*

Hil. Well, dear *Amanda*, thou art the moſt conſtant Wife I ever heard of, not to ſhake off the Memory of an ill Husband, after eight or ten Years Abſence; nay, to mourn, for aught you know, for the Living too, and ſuch a Husband that tho' he were alive, would never thank you for it: Why d'ye perſiſt in ſuch a hopeleſs Grief?

Am. Becauſe 'tis hopeleſs. For if he be alive, he is dead to me. His dead Affections, not Virtue itſelf can e'er retrieve: Wou'd I were with him, tho' in his Grave!

Hil. In my Mind you are much better where you are. The Grave? Young Widows uſe to have warmer Wiſhes. But, methinks, the Death of a rich old Uncle ſhould be a Cordial to your Sorrows.

Am. That adds to 'em; for he was the only Relation I had left, and was as tender of me as the neareſt: He was a Father to me.

Hil. He was better than ſome Fathers to you; for he died juſt when you had occaſion for his Eſtate.

Nar. I have an old Father, and the Duce take me, I think he only lives to hinder me of my Occaſions; but, Lord bleſs me, Madam, how can you be unhappy with 2000 *l.* a Year in your own Poſſeſſion?

Hil. For my part, the greateſt Reaſon I think you have to grieve, is, that you are not ſure your Husband's dead; for were that confirm'd, then indeed there were hopes

hopes that one Poiſon might drive out another; you might marry again.

Am. All the Comfort of my Life is, that I can tell my Conſcience, I have been true to Virtue.

Hil. And to an extravagant Husband, that cares not a Farthing for you. But, come, let's leave this unſeaſonable Talk, and pray give me a little of your Advice. What ſhall I do with this Mr. *Worthy?* Wou'd you adviſe me to make a Husband of him?

Am. I am but an ill Judge of Men; the only one I thought myſelf ſecure of, moſt cruelly deceiv'd me.

Hil. A loſing Gameſter is fitteſt to give Warning: What d'ye think of him?

Am. Better than of any Man I know. I read nothing in him but what is ſome part of a good Man's Character.

Hill. He's jealous.

Am. He's a Lover.

Hil. He taxes me with a Fool!

Am. He wou'd preſerve your Reputation; and a Fool's Love only ends in the Ruin of it.

Hil. Methinks he's not handſome.

Am. He's a Man, Madam.

Hil. Why then ev'n let him make a Woman of me.

Nar. Pray, Madam, what d'ye think of his Brother? [*Smiling.*

Am. I would not think of him.

Nar. O dear! why, pray?

Am. He puts me in mind of a Man too like him; one that had Beauty, Wit, and Falſhood.

Nar. You have hit ſome part of his Character, I muſt confeſs, Madam; but as to his Truth, I'm ſure he loves only me.

Am. I don't doubt but he tells you ſo, nay, and ſwears it too.

Nar. O Lord! Madam, I hope I may without Vanity believe him.

Am.

Am. But you will hardly, without Magick, ſecure him.

Nar. I ſhall uſe no Spells or Charms, but this poor Face, Madam.

Am. And your Fortune, Madam.

Nar. Senſeleſs Malice! [*Aſide.*] I know he'd marry me without a Groat.

Am. Then he's not the Man I take him for.

Nar. Why, pray —— what do you take him for?

Am. A wild young Fellow, that loves every thing he ſees.

Nar. He never lov'd you yet. [*Peeviſhly.*

Am. I hope, Madam he never ſaw any thing in me to encourage him.

Nar. In my Conſcience you are in the right on't, Madam; I dare ſwear he never did, nor e'er wou'd, tho' he gazed till Doom's-day.

Am. I hope, Madam, your Charms will prevent his putting himſelf to the Trial, and I wiſh he may never—

Nar. Nay, dear Madam, no more railing at him, unleſs you wou'd have me believe you love him.

Hil. Indeed, Ladies, you are both in the wrong: You, Couſin, in being angry at what you deſir'd, her Opinion of your Lover; and you, Madam, for ſpeaking Truth againſt the Man ſhe reſolves to love.

Nar. Love him! Prithee, Couſin, no more of that old Stuff.

Hil. Stuff! Why, don't you own you are to marry him this Week?—Here he comes, I ſuppoſe you'll tell him another thing in his Ear.

Enter Young Worthy.

Hill. Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant; you look with the Face of Buſineſs: What's the News pray?

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, I have News for you all, and private News too; but that of the greateſt Conſequence, is with this Lady. Your Pardon, Ladies; I'll whiſper with you all, one after another.

Nar.

Nar. Come, Couſin, will you walk? the Gentleman has Buſineſs; we ſhall interrupt him.

Hil. Why really, Couſin, I don't ſay poſitively you love Mr. *Worthy*, but, I vow, this looks very like Jealouſy.

Nar. Piſh! Lord! *Hillaria*, you are in a very odd Humour to-day. But to let you ſee I have no ſuch weak Thoughts about me, I'll wait as unconcern'd as yourſelf. (I'll rattle him.) [*Aſide.*

Am. Not unpleaſing, ſay you? Pray, Sir, unfold yourſelf, for I have long deſpair'd of welcome News.

Y. Wor. Then in a word, Madam, your Husband, Mr. *Loveleſs*, is in Town, and has been theſe three Days; I parted with him an Hour ago.

Am. In Town! you amaze me! for Heaven's ſake go on.

Y. Wor. Faith, Madam, conſidering *Italy*, and thoſe Parts have furniſhed him with nothing but an Improvement of that Lewdneſs he carry'd over, I can't properly give you Joy of his Arrival: Beſides, he is ſo very poor, that you wou'd take him for an Inhabitant of that Country. And when I confirm'd your being dead, he only ſhook his Head, and call'd you good-natur'd Fool, or to that effect; nay, tho' I told him his Unkindneſs broke your Heart.

Am. Barbarous Man! not ſhed a Tear upon my Grave? But why did you tell him I was dead?

Y. Wor. Becauſe, Madam, I thought you had no mind to have your Houſe plunder'd; and for another Reaſon, which if you dare liſten to me, perhaps you'll not diſlike: In a word, 'tis ſuch a Stratagem, that will either make him aſham'd of his Folly, or in love with your Virtue.

Am. Can there be a Hope, when ev'n my Death cou'd not move him to a relenting Sigh? Yet pray inſtruct me, Sir.

Y. Wor. You know, Madam, 'twas not above four or five Months after you were marry'd, but (as moſt young

Husbands do) he grew weary of you: Now, I am confident, 'twas more an Affectation of being faſhionably Vicious, than any reaſonable diſlike he cou'd either find in your Mind or Perſon: Therefore cou'd you, by ſome Artifice, paſs upon him as a new Miſtreſs, I am apt to believe you wou'd find none of the wonted Coldneſs in his Love, but a younger Heat and fierce Deſire.

Am. Suppoſe this done; what would be the Conſequence?

Y. Wor. Oh, your having then a juſt Occaſion to reproach him with his broken Vows, and to let him ſee the Weakneſs of his deluded Fancy, which ev'n in a Wife, while unknown, cou'd find thoſe real Charms, which his blind, ungrateful Lewdneſs would ne'er allow her to be Miſtreſs of. After this, I'd have you ſeem freely to reſign him to thoſe fancy'd Raptures, which he deny'd were in a virtuous Woman: Who knows but this, with a little ſubmiſſive Eloquence, may ſtrike him with ſo great a Senſe of Shame, as may reform his Thoughts, and fix him yours?

Am. You have reviv'd me, Sir: But how can I aſſure myſelf he'll like me as a Miſtreſs?

Y. Wor. From your being a new one——Leave the Management of all to me: I have a Trick ſhall draw him to your Bed; and when he's there, faith, ev'n let him cuckold himſelf: I'll engage he likes you as a Miſtreſs, though he cou'd not as a Wife. [At leaſt, ſhe'll have the Pleaſure of knowing the Difference between a Husband and a Lover, without the Scandal of the former. *Aſide.*

Am. You have oblig'd me, Sir; if I ſucceed, the Glory ſhall be yours.

Y. Wor. I'll wait on you at your Lodging, and conſult how I may be farther ſerviceable to you: But you muſt put this in ſpeedy Execution, leſt he ſhould hear of you,

you, and prevent your Deſign; in the mean time, 'tis a Secret to all the World but yourſelf and me.

Am. I'll ſtudy to be grateful, Sir.

Y. Wor. Now for you, Madam. [*To* Hillaria.

Nar. So! I am to be laſt ſerv'd: Very well. [*Aſide.*

Y. Wor. My Brother, Madam, confeſſes he ſcatter'd ſome rough Words laſt Night; and I take the liberty to tell you, you gave him ſome Provocation.

Hil. That may be; but I'm reſolv'd to be Miſtreſs of my Actions before Marriage, and no Man ſhall uſurp a Power over me, till I give it him.

Y. Wor. At leaſt, Madam, conſider what he ſaid, as the Effects of an impatient Paſſion; and give him leave this Afternoon to ſet all right again.

Hil. Well, if I don't find myſelf out of order after Dinner, perhaps I may ſtep into the Garden: But I won't promiſe you neither.

Y. Wor. I dare believe you without it.——Now, Madam, I am your humble Servant. [*To* Nar.

Nar. And every body's humble Servant. [*Walks off.*

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I am come to tell you——

Nar. What Succeſs you had with that Lady, I ſuppoſe—I don't mind Intrigues, Sir.

Y. Wor. I like this Jealouſy, however, tho' I ſcarce know how to appeaſe it. *Aſide.*] 'Tis Buſineſs of Moment, Madam, and may be done in a Moment.

Nar. Yours is done with me, Sir; but my Buſineſs is not ſo ſoon done as you imagine.

Y. Wor. In a word, I have very near reconcil'd my Brother and your Couſin, and I don't doubt but to-morrow will be the Day; if I were but as well aſſur'd of your Conſent for my Happineſs too——

Nar. Firſt tell me your Diſcourſe with that Lady; and afterwards, if you can, look me in the Face.—Oh, are you ſtudying, Sir?

Y. Wor. 'Sdeath! I muſt not truſt her with it; ſhe'll tell it the whole Town for a Secret.—Pox! ne'er a Lye? [*Aſide.*

Nar. You ſaid it was of the greateſt Conſequence too.

Y. Wor. A good Hint, faith. *Aſide.*] Why, Madam, ſince you will needs force it from me, 'twas to deſire her to advance my Intereſt with you: But all my Intreaties could not prevail; for ſhe told me, I was unworthy of you: was not this of Conſequence, Madam?

Nar. Nay, now I muſt believe you, Mr. *Worthy*, and I aſk your Pardon; for ſhe was juſt railing againſt you for a Husband before you came.

Y. Wor. Oh! Madam, a favour'd Lover, like a good Poem, for the Malice of ſome few, makes the generous Temper more admire it.

Nar. Nay, what ſhe ſaid, I muſt confeſs, had much the ſame effect, as the Coffee-Criticks ridiculing Prince *Arthur*; for I found a pleaſing Diſappointment in my reading you; and till I ſee your Beauties equall'd, I ſhan't diſlike you for a few Faults.

Y. Wor. Then, ſince you have bleſt me with your good Opinion, let me beg of you, before theſe Ladies, to compleat my Happineſs to-morrow. Let this be the laſt Night of your lying alone.

Nar. What d'ye mean?

Y. Wor. To marry you to-morrow, Madam.

Nar. Marry me! Who put that in your Head?

Y. Wor. Some Encouragement which my Hopes have form'd, Madam.

Nar. Hopes! Oh, Inſolence! D'ye think I can be mov'd to love a Man, to kiſs, and toy with him, and ſo forth?

Y. Wor. I'gad, I find nothing but downright Impudence will do with her. *Aſide.*] No, Madam, 'tis the Man muſt kiſs, and toy with you, and ſo forth. Come, my dear Angel, pronounce the joyful Word,

and

and draw the Scene of my eternal Happineſs. Ah! methinks I'm there already, eager and impatient of approaching Bliſs! Juſt laid within the Bridal Bed; our Friends retir'd; the Curtains cloſe drawn around us; no Light but *Cælia*'s Eyes; no Noiſe but her ſoft trembling Words, and broken Sighs, that plead in vain for Mercy. And now a trickling Tear ſteals down her glowing Cheek, which tells the happy Lover at length ſhe yields; yet vows ſhe'd rather die; but ſtill ſubmits to the unexperienc'd Joy. [*Embracing her.*

Hil. What Raptures, Mr. *Worthy?*

Y. Wor. Only the Force of Love in Imagination, Madam.

Nar. O Lord! dear Couſin! and Madam! let's be gone, I vow he grows rude. Oh, for Heaven's ſake! I ſhan't ſhake off my Fright theſe ten Days: O Lord! I will not ſtay—Be gone; for I declare I loath the ſight of you. [*Exit.*

Y. Wor. I hope you'll ſtand my Friend, Madam.

Hil. I'll get her into the Garden after Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Y. Wor. I find there's nothing to be done with my Lady before Company; 'tis a ſtrange affected Piece—But there's no Fault in her 1000 *l.* a Year, and that's the Loadſtone that attracts my Heart.——The Wiſe and Grave may tell us of ſtrange Chimæra's called Virtues in a Woman, and that they alone are the beſt Dowry; but, faith, we younger Brothers are of another Mind.

Women are chang'd from what they were of old:
Therefore let Lovers ſtill this Maxim hold,
She's only Worth, that brings her Weight in Gold.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

The SCENE *a Garden belonging to Sir* William Wiſewou'd's *Houſe.*

Enter Narciſſa, Hillaria, *and Sir* Novelty Faſhion.

HILLARIA.

OH! for Heaven's ſake! no more of this Gallantry, Sir *Novelty:* For I know you ſay the ſame to every Woman you ſee.

Sir *Nov.* Every one that ſees you, Madam, muſt ſay the ſame. Your Beauty, like the Wrack, forces every Beholder to confeſs his Crime — of daring to adore you.

Nar. Oh! I han't Patience to hear all this. [If he be blind, I'll open his Eyes. *Aſide.*] I vow, Sir *Novelty*, you Men of Amour are ſtrange Creatures: You think no Woman worth your while, unleſs you walk over a Rival's Ruin to her Heart: I know nothing has encouraged your Paſſion to my Couſin more, than her Engagement to Mr. *Worthy.*

Hil. Poor Creature! now is ſhe angry ſhe ha'n't the Addreſs of a Fop I nauſeate. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* Oh! Madam, as to that, I hope the Lady will eaſily diſtinguiſh the Sincerity of her Adorers. Tho' I muſt allow Mr. *Worthy* is infinitely the handſomer Perſon.

Nar. O fie! Sir *Novelty*, make not ſuch a prepoſterous Compariſon.

Sir *Nov.*

Sir *Nov.* Oh Ged! Madam, there's no Compariſon.

Nar. Pardon me, Sir, he's an unpoliſh'd Animal.

Sir *Nov.* Why, does your Ladyſhip really think me tolerable?

Hil. So! ſhe has ſnapt his Heart already. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* Pray, Madam how do I look to-day? —— What, curſedly? I'll warrant; with a more helliſh Complexion than a ſtale Actreſs in a Morning. ——— I don't know, Madam: ——'Tis true — the Town does talk of me, indeed; ——— but the Dev'l take me, in my mind, I am a very ugly Fellow.

Nar. Now you are too ſevere, Sir *Novelty.*

Sir *Nov.* Not I, burn me: — For Heaven's ſake deal freely with me, Madam; and if you can, tell me —— one tolerable thing about me.

Hil. 'Twou'd poſe me, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Nar. Oh! Sir *Novelty*, this is unanſwerable; 'tis hard to know the brighteſt part of a Diamond.

Sir *Nov.* You'll make me bluſh, ſtop my Vitals, Madam. — [I'gad, I always ſaid ſhe was a Woman of Senſe. Strike me dumb, I am in love with her. ——— I'll try her farther. *Aſide.*] But Madam, is it poſſible I may vie with Mr. *Worthy?* —— Not that he is any Rival of mine, Madam; for I can aſſure you, my Inclinations lie where, perhaps, your Ladyſhip little thinks.

Hil. So! now I am rid of him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* But pray tell me, Madam; for I really love a ſevere Critick: I am ſure you muſt believe he has a more happy Genius in Dreſs: For my part, I am but a Sloven.

Nar. He a Genius! unſufferable! Why, he dreſſes worſe than a Captain of the Militia: but you, Sir *Novelty*, are a true Original, the very Pink of Faſhion: I'll warrant you there's not a Millener in Town but has got an Eſtate by you.

Sir *Nov.* I muſt confeſs, Madam, I am for doing good to my Country: For you ſee this Suit, Madam —— I ſupoſe you are not ignorant what a hard time the Ribband-Weavers have had ſince the late Mourning: Now my Deſign is to ſet the poor Rogues up again, by recommending this ſort of Trimming: The Fancy is pretty well for ſecond Mourning. ——— By the way, Madam, I had fifteen hundred Guineas laid in my Hand, as a Gratuity to encourage it: But, i'gad, I refus'd 'em, being too well acquainted with the Conſequence of taking a Bribe in a National Concern.

Hil. A very charitable Faſhion, indeed, Sir *Novelty!* But how if it ſhould not take?

Nar. Ridiculous! Take! I warrant you in a Week the whole Town will have it; tho' perhaps, Mr. *Worthy* will be one of the laſt of 'em: He's a meer *Valet de Chambre* to all Faſhion; and never is in any till his Betters have left them off.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, Ged, now I muſt laugh; for the Dev'l take me, if I did not meet him, not above a Fortnight ago, in a Coat with Buttons no bigger than Nutmegs.

Hil. There, I muſt confeſs, you out-do him, Sir *Novelty.*

Sir *Nov.* Oh, dear Madam, why mine are not above three Inches Diameter.

Hil. But, methinks, Sir *Novelty*, your Sleeve is a little too extravagant.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, Madam, there you wrong me; mine does but juſt reach my Knuckles, but my Lord *Overdo*'s covers his Diamond Ring.

Hil. Nay, I confeſs, the Faſhion may be very uſeful to you Gentlemen that make Campaigns; for ſhou'd you unfortunately loſe an Arm, or ſo, that Sleeve might be very convenient to hide the Defect on't.

Sir *Nov.* Ha! I think your Ladyſhip's in the right on't, Madam. [*Hiding his Hand in his Sleeve.*

Nar.

Nar. Oh! ſuch an Air! ſo becoming a Negligence! Upon my Soul, Sir *Novelty*, you'll be the Envy of the *Beau Monde.*

Hil. Mr. *Worthy!* a good Fancy were thrown away upon him; but you, Sir, are an Ornament to your Clothes.

Sir *Nov.* Then your Ladyſhip really thinks they are — *Bien entendue?*

Hil. A Merveil, Monſieur.

Sir *Nov.* She has almoſt as much Wit as her Couſin. *Aſide.*] I muſt confeſs, Madam, this Coat has had a univerſal Approbation; for this Morning I had all the eminent Taylors about Town at my Levee, earneſtly petitioning for the firſt Meaſure of it: Now, Madam, if you thought it would oblige Mr. *Worthy*, I would let his Taylor have it before any of 'em.

Nar. See, here he comes, and the Duce take me, I think 'twou'd be a great piece of Good-nature; for I declare he looks as rough as a *Dutch* Corporal. —— Prithee, Sir *Novelty*, let's laugh at him.

Sir *Nov.* O Ged! no, Madam, that were too cruel: Why, you know he can't help it. — Let's take no notice of him.

Hil. Wretched Coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Enter Elder Worthy.

El. Wor. I find my Reſolution is but vain, my Feet have brought me hither againſt my Will: But ſure I can command my Tongue, which I'll bite off e'er it ſhall ſeek a Reconciliation. Still ſo familiar there! But 'tis no matter, I'll try if I can wear Indifference, and ſeem as careleſs in my Love as ſhe is of her Honour, which ſhe can never truly know the Worth of, while ſhe perſiſts to let a Fool thus play with it. *Aſide.*] Ladies, your humble Servant.

Hil. Now can't I forbear fretting his Spleen a little. *Aſide.*] Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, we are admiring Sir *Novelty*,

and his new Suit: Did you ever ſee ſo ſweet a Fancy? he is as full of Variety as a good Play.

El. Wor. He's a very pleaſant Comedy, indeed, Madam; and dreſt with a great deal of good Satire, and, no doubt, may oblige both the Stage and the Town, eſpecially the Ladies.

Hil. So! There's for me —— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* O Ged! Nay, prithee, *Tom*, you know my Humour. —— Ladies (Stop my Vitals) I don't believe there are five hundred in Town that ever took any notice of me.

El. Wor. Oh, Sir, there are ſome that take ſo much notice of you, that the Town takes notice of them for't.

Hil. It works rarely. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* How of them, *Tom*, upon my Account? O Ged, I wou'd not be the ruin of any Lady's Reputation, for the World. Stop my Vitals, I'm very ſorry for't: Prithee name but one that has a favourable Thought of me; and to convince you that I have no Deſign upon her, I'll inſtantly viſit her in an unpowder'd Periwig.

El. Wor. Nay, ſhe I mean, is a Woman of Senſe too.

Sir *Nov.* Phoo! Prithee, pox, don't banter me: 'Tis impoſſible: What can ſhe ſee in me?

El. Wor. Oh, a thouſand taking Qualities. This Lady will inform you. — Come, I'll introduce you. [*Pulls him.*

Sir *Nov.* O Ged, no. Prithee — hark you in your Ear —— I am off of her; Demme, if I ben't: I am, ſtop my Vitals ——

El. Wor. Wretched Rogue! *Aſide.*] Pſhaw, no matter; I'll reconcile you. Come, Madam.

Hil. Sir.

El. Wor. This Gentleman humbly begs to kiſs your Hand.

Hil. He needs not your Recommendation, Sir.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. True; a Fool recommends himſelf to your Sex, and that's the reaſon Men of common Senſe live unmarry'd.

Hil. A Fool without Jealouſy, is better than a Wit with Ill-nature.

El. Wor. A friendly Office, ſeeing your Fault is Ill-nature.

Hil. Believing more than we have, is pitiful. — You know I hate this Wretch, loath, and ſcorn him.

El. Wor. Fools have a ſecret Art of pleaſing Women: If he did not delight you, you wou'd not hazard your Reputation by encouraging his Love.

Hil. Dares he wrong my Reputation?

El. Wor. He need not; the World will do it for him, while you keep him Company.

Hil. I dare anſwer it to the World.

El. Wor. Then why not to me?

Hil. To ſatisfy you, were a Fondneſs I never ſhould forgive myſelf.

El. Wor. To perſiſt in it, is what I'll ne'er forgive.

Hil. Inſolence! is it come to this? Never ſee me more.

El. Wor. I have loſt the ſight of you already; there hangs a Cloud of Folly between you and the Woman I once thought you.

[*As* Hillaria *is going off,* *Enter* Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. *What to our ſelves in Paſſion we propoſe;*
The Paſſion ceaſing, does the Purpoſe looſe:

Madam, therefore, pray let me engage you to ſtay a little till your Reſentment is over, that you may ſee whether you have reaſon to be angry, or no.

Sir *Nov.* (to *Nar.*) Pray, Madam, who is that Gentleman?

Nar. Mr. *Worthy*'s Brother, Sir, a Gentleman of no mean Parts, I can aſſure you.

Sir *Nov.* I don't doubt it, Madam: —— He has a very good Periwig.

Hil. To be jealous of me with a Fool, is an Affront to my Underſtanding.

Y. Wor. Tamely to reſign your Reputation to the mercileſs Vanity of a Fool, were no proof of his Love.

Hil. 'Tis queſtioning my Conduct.

Y. Wor. Why, you let him kiſs your Hand laſt Night before his Face.

Hil. The Fool diverted me, and I gave him my Hand, as I would lend my Money, Fan, or Handkerchief to a Legerdemain, that I might ſee him play all his Tricks over.

Y. Wor. O Madam, no Jugler is ſo deceitful as a Fop; for while you look his Folly in the Face, he ſteals away your Reputation with more eaſe than the other picks your Pocket.

Hil. Some Fools indeed are dangerous.

Y. Wor. I grant you, your Deſign is only to laugh at him; but that's more than he finds out: Therefore you muſt expect he will tell the World another Story; and 'tis ten to one but the Conſequence makes you repent of your Curioſity.

Hil. You ſpeak like an Oracle: I tremble at the Thoughts on't.

Y. Wor. Here's one ſhall reconcile your Fears —— Brother, I have done your Buſineſs: *Hillaria* is convinc'd of her Indiſcretion, and has a Pardon ready, for your aſking it.

El. Wor. She's the Criminal; I have no occaſion for it.

Y. Wor. See, ſhe comes toward you; give her a civil Word at leaſt.

Hil. Mr. *Worthy*, I'll not be behind-hand in the Acknowledgment I owe you: I freely confeſs my Folly, and forgive your harſh Conſtruction of it: Nay, I'll not condemn your want of Good-nature, in not endeavouring (as your Brother has done) by mild Arguments to convince me of my Error.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. Now you vanquiſh me! I bluſh to be outdone in generous Love! I am your Slave, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Hil. No more; from this Hour be you the Maſter of my Actions, and my Heart.

El. Wor. This Goodneſs gives you the Power, and I obey with Pleaſure.

Y. Wor. So! I find I han't preach'd to no Purpoſe. Well, Madam, if you find him guilty of Love, e'en let to-morrow be his Execution Day; make a Huſband of him, and there's the Extent of Love's Law.

El. Wor. Brother, I am indebted to you.

Y. Wor. Well, I'll give you a Diſcharge, if you'll but leave me half an hour in private with that Lady.

Hil. How will you get rid of Sir *Novelty?*

Y. Wor. I warrant you; leave him to me.

Hil. Come, Mr. *Worthy,* as we walk, I will inform you how I intend to ſacrifice that Wretch to your Laughter.

El. Wor. Not, Madam, that I want Revenge on ſo contemptible a Creature: But, I think, you owe this Juſtice to your ſelf, to let him ſee (if poſſible) you never took him for any other than what he really is.

Y. Wor. Well! Pox of your Politicks: Prithee conſult of 'em within.

Hil. We'll obey you, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Elder Worthy *and* Hillaria.

Y. Wor. Pray, Madam, give me leave to beg a Word in private with you. Sir, if you pleaſe.

[*To Sir* Novelty, *who is taking Snuff.*

Sir *Nov.* Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.

Y. Wor. Sir ———

Sir *Nov.* Nay, 'tis right, I'll aſſure you. [*Offering his Box.*

Y. Wor. Ay, Sir—but now the Lady wou'd be alone.

Sir *Nov.* Sir.

Y. Wor. The Lady wou'd be alone, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* I don't hear her ſay any ſuch thing.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Then I tell you ſo, and I wou'd adviſe you to believe me.

Sir *Nov.* I ſhall not take your Advice, Sir: but if you really think the Lady wou'd be alone, why —— you had beſt leave her.

Y. Wor. In ſhort, Sir, your Company is very unſeaſonable at preſent.

Sir *Nov.* I can tell you, Sir, if you have no more Wit than Manners, the Lady will be but ſcurvily entertain'd.

Nar. Oh, fie, Gentlemen! no quarrelling before a Woman, I beſeech you. Pray let me know the Buſineſs.

Sir *Nov.* My Buſineſs is Love, Madam.

Nar. And yours, Sir.

Y. Wor. What I hope you are no Stranger to, Madam. As for that Spark, you need take no Care of him; for if he ſtays much longer, I will do his Buſineſs my ſelf.

Nar. Well, I vow, Love's a pleaſant thing, when the Men come to cutting of Throats once. O Gad! I'd fain have them fight a little.—Methinks *Narciſſa* wou'd ſound ſo great in an expiring Lover's Mouth —— Well, I am reſolv'd Sir *Novelty* ſhall not go yet; for I will have the Pleaſure of hearing myſelf prais'd a little, tho' I don't marry this Month for't. *Aſide.*] Come, Gentlemen, ſince you both ſay Love's your Buſineſs, e'en plead for yourſelves; and he that ſpeaks the greateſt Paſſion, ſhall have the faireſt Return.

Y. Wor. Oh, the Dev'l! now is ſhe wrapt with the hopes of a little Flattery: There's no Remedy but Patience. 'Sdeath! What a Piece have I to work upon? [*Aſide.*

Nar. Come, Gentlemen, one at a time. Sir *Novelty*, what have you to ſay to me?

Sir *Nov.* In the firſt Place, Madam, I was the firſt Perſon in *England* that was complimented with the Name of *Beau*, which is a Title I prefer before Right Honourable: For that may be inherited; but this I extorted.

ed from the whole Nation, by my ſurprizing Mien, and unexampled Gallantry.

Nar. So, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* Then another Thing, Madam: It has been obſerved, that I have been eminently ſucceſsful in thoſe Faſhions I have recommended to the Town; and I don't queſtion but this very Suit will raiſe as many Ribband-Weavers, as ever the clipping or melting Trade did Goldſmiths.

Nar. Piſh! What does the Fool mean? he ſays nothing of me yet. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* In ſhort, Madam, the Cravat-ſtring, the Garter, the Sword-knot, the Centurine, Bardaſh, the Steinkirk, the large Button, the long Sleeve, the Plume, and full Peruque, were all created, cry'd down, or revived by me: In a Word, Madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking or agreeable for theſe ten Years paſt, but your humble Servant was the Author of it.

Y. Wor. Where the Devil will this end? [*Aſide,*

Nar. This is all extravagant, Sir, *Novelty:* But what have you to ſay to me, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* I'll come to you preſently, Madam, I have juſt done: Then you muſt know, my Coach and Equipage are as well known as myſelf; and ſince the Conveniency of two Play-houſes, I have a better Opportunity of ſhewing them: For between every Act—Whiſk—I am gone from one to th' other: Oh! what Pleaſure 'tis, at a good Play, to go out before half an Act's done!

Nar. Why at a good Play?

Sir *Nov.* O, Madam, it looks particular, and gives the whole Audience an Opportunity of turning upon me at once: Then do they conclude I have ſome extraordinary Buſineſs, or a fine Woman to go to at leaſt: And then again, it ſhews my Contempt of what the dull Town think their chiefeſt Diverſion: But if I do ſtay a Play out, I always ſit with my Back to the Stage.

Nar.

Nar. Why ſo Sir?

Sir *Nov.* Then every Body will imagine I have been tir'd with it before; or that I am jealous Who talks to Who in the King's Box. And thus, Madam, do I take more Pains to preſerve a publick Reputation, than ever any Lady took, after the Small-Pox, to recover her Complexion.

Nar. Well, but to the Point: What have you to ſay to me, Sir *Novelty?*

Y. Wor. Now does ſhe expect ſome Compliment ſhall out-flatter her Glaſs. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* To you, Madam? — Why, I have been ſaying all this to you.

Nar. To what End, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* Why, all this I have done for your ſake.

Nar. What Kindneſs is it to me?

Sir *Nov.* Why, Madam, don't you think it more Glory to be beloved by one eminently particular Perſon, whom all the Town knows and talks of; than to be ador'd by five hundred dull Souls that have lived incognito?

Nar. That, I muſt confeſs, is a prevailing Argument; but ſtill you ha'n't told me, why you love me.

Y. Wor. That's a Task, he has left for me, Madam.

Sir *Nov.* 'Tis a Province I never undertake, I muſt confeſs; I think 'tis ſufficient, if I tell a Lady why ſhe ſhou'd love me.

Nar. Hang him! he's too conceited; he's ſo in love with himſelf, he won't allow a Woman the bare Comfort of a cold Compliment. *Aſide.*] Well, Mr. *Worthy.*

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I have obſerved ſeveral particular Qualities in your Ladyſhip, that I have perfectly ador'd you for; as the majeſtick Toſs of your Head; — your obliging bow-Court'ſy; — your ſatyrical Smile; — your bluſhing Laugh; — your demure Look; — the careleſs Tie of your Hood; — the genteel Flirt of your Fan; —

the

the deſign'd Accident in your letting fall, and your agreeable manner of receiving it from him that takes it up.

[*What he ſpeaks, ſhe imitates in dumb Shew.*]

[*They both offer to take up her Fan; and in ſtriving* Y. Worthy *puſhes Sir* Novelty *on his Back.*

Sir *Nov.* (*adjuſting himſelf.*) I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe my Diſorder, Madam.—how now!

Enter a Footman to Sir Novelty.

Foot. Oh, Sir! Mrs. *Flareit*———

Sir *Nov.* Ha! ſpeak lower: What of her?

Foot. By ſome unlucky Accident has diſcover'd your being here, and raves like a mad Woman: She's at your Lodging, Sir, and had broke you above forty Pounds worth of *China* before I came away; ſhe talk'd of following you hither; and if you don't make haſte, I'm afraid will be here, before you can get through the Houſe, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* This Woman's certainly the Devil; her Jeaouſy is implacable; I muſt get rid of her, tho' I give her more for a ſeparate Maintenance, than her Conſcience demanded for a Settlement before Enjoyment.——See the Coach ready; and if you meet her, be ſure you ſtop her with ſome pretended Buſineſs, 'till I'm got away from hence.——Madam, I ask your Ladyſhip ten thouſand Pardons; there's a Perſon of Quality expects me at my Lodging, upon extraordinary Buſineſs.

Nar. What, will you leave us, Sir *Novelty?*

Sir *Nov.* As unwillingly as the Soul the Body; but this is an irreſiſtable Occaſion. — Madam, your moſt devoted Slave. — Sir, your moſt humble Servant. — Madam, I kiſs your Hand.—O Ged, no farther, dear Sir, upon my Soul I won't ſtir if you do.———

[Y. Worthy *ſees him to the Door.*

[*Exit Sir* Nov.

Y. Wor. Nay then, Sir, your humble Servant. So! this was a lucky Deliverance.

Nar.

Nar. I overheard the Buſineſs.—You ſee, Mr. *Worthy*, a Man muſt be a Slave to a Miſtreſs ſometimes, as well as a Wife; yet all can't perſuade your Sex to a favourable Opinion of poor Marriage.

Y. Wor. I long, Madam, for an Opportunity to convince you of your Error; and therefore give me leave to hope to-morrow you will free me from the Pain of farther Expectation, and make a Husband of me.—Come, I'll ſpare your Bluſhes, and believe I have already nam'd the Day.

Nar. Had not we better conſider a little?

Y. Wor. No, let's avoid Conſideration, 'tis an Enemy both to Love and Courage: They that conſider much, live to be old Batchelors, and young Fighters. No, no; we ſhall have time enough to conſider after Marriage.—But why are you ſo ſerious, Madam?

Nar. Not but I do conſent to-morrow ſhall be the Day, Mr. *Worthy*; but I'm afraid you have not lov'd me long enough to make our Marriage be the Town-talk: For 'tis the Faſhion now to be the Town-talk; and you know, one had as good be out of the World, as out of the Faſhion.

Y. Wor. I don't know, Madam, what you call Town-talk; but it has been in the News-Letters above a Fortnight ago, that we were already married. Beſide, the laſt Song I made of you, has been ſung at the Muſick-Meeting: and you may imagine, Madam, I took no little Care to let the Ladies and the Beaux know who 'twas made on.

Nar. Well, and what ſaid the Ladies?

Y. Wor. What was moſt obſervable, Madam, was, that while it was ſinging, my Lady *Manlove* went out in a great Paſſion.

Mar. Poor jealous Animal! On my Conſcience, that charitable Creature has ſuch a Fund of kind Compliance for all young Fellows, whoſe Love lies dead upon their Hands, that ſhe has been as great a Hindrance to us virtuous

tuous Women, as ever the Bank of *England* was to the City Goldſmiths.

Y. Wor. The Reaſon of that, is, Madam, becauſe your virtuous Ladies pay no Intereſt: I muſt confeſs the Principal, our Health, is a little ſecurer with you.

Nar. Well; and is not that an Advantage worth entring into Bonds for? Not but I vow, we virtuous Devils do love to inſult a little; and to ſay Truth, it looks too credulous and eaſy in a Woman, to encourage a Man before he has ſigh'd himſelf to a Skeleton.

Y. Wor. But Heaven be thank'd, we are pretty even with you in the End; for the longer you hold us off before Marriage, the ſooner we fall off after it.

Nar. What, then you take Marriage to be a kind of Jeſuit's Powder, that infallibly cures the Fever of Love?

Y. Wor. 'Tis indeed a Jeſuit's Powder, for the Prieſts firſt invented it; and only abſtained from it, becauſe they knew it had a bitter Taſte; then gilded it over with a pretended Bleſſing, and ſo palm'd it upon the unthinking Layety.

Nar. Prithee don't ſcrew your Wit beyond the compaſs of good Manners.—D'ye think I ſhall be tun'd to Matrimony by your railing againſt it? If you have ſo little Stomach to it, I'll e'en make you faſt a Week longer.

Y. Wor. Ay, but let me tell you, Madam, 'tis no Policy to keep a Lover at a thin Diet, in hopes to raiſe his Appetite on the Wedding-Night; for then

We come like ſtarving Beggars to a Feaſt,
Where, unconfin'd, we feed with eager haſte,
Till each repeated Morſel palls the Taſte.
Marriage gives Prodigals a boundleſs Treaſure,
Who ſquander that, which might be laſting Pleaſure;
And Women think they ne'er have Over-meaſure.

ACT III.

The SCENE *Sir* William Wiſewoud's *Houſe.*

Enter Amanda *and* Hillaria, *meeting.*

AMANDA.

MY Dear, I have News for you.

Hill. I gueſs at it, and fain wou'd be ſatisfied of the Particulars: Your Husband is return'd, and, I hear, knows nothing of your being alive: Young *Worthy* has told me of your Deſign upon him.

Am. 'Tis that I wanted your Advice in; What think you of it?

Hil. O! I admire it: Next to forgetting your Huſband, 'tis the beſt Counſel was ever given you; for under the Diſguiſe of a Miſtreſs, you may now take a fair Advantage of indulging your Love; and the little Experience you have had of it already, has been juſt enough not to let you be afraid of a Man.

Am. Will you never leave your mad Humour?

Hil. Not till my Youth leaves me: why ſhould Women affect Ignorance among themſelves? When we converſe with Men, indeed, Modeſty and good Breeding oblige us not to underſtand what, ſometimes, we can't help thinking of.

Am. Nay, I don't think the worſe of you for what you ſay: For 'tis obſerv'd, that a bragging Lover, and an over-ſhy Lady, are the fartheſt from what they would ſeem;

ſeem; the one is as ſeldom known to receive a Favour, as the other to reſiſt an Opportunity.

Hil. Moſt Women have a wrong Senſe of Modeſty, as ſome Men of Courage; if you don't fight with all you meet, or run from all you ſee, you are preſently thought a Coward, or an ill Woman.

Am. You ſay true; and 'tis as hard a Matter, now a days, for a Woman to know how to converſe with Men, as for a Man to know when to draw his Sword: For many times both Sexes are apt to over-act their Parts. To me, the Rules of Virtue have been ever ſacred; and I am loth to break 'em by an unadviſed Undertaking: Therefore, dear *Hillaria*, help me, for I am at a loſs.—Can I juſtify, think you, my intended Deſign upon my Huſband?

Hil. As how, prithee?

Am. Why, if I court and conquer him as a Miſtreſs, am not I acceſſary to his violating the Bonds of Marriage? For tho' I'm his Wife, yet while he loves me not as ſuch, I encourage an unlawful Paſſion; and tho' the Act be ſafe, yet his Intent is criminal: How can I anſwer this?

Hil. Very eaſily; for if he don't intrigue with you, he will with ſome body elſe in the mean time, and I think you have as much Right to his Remains as any one.

Am. Ay, but I am aſſured, the Love he will pretend to me is vicious: And 'tis uncertain that I ſhall prevent his doing worſe elſewhere.

Hil. 'Tis true, a certain Ill ought not to be done for an uncertain Good. But then again, of two Evils, chuſe the leaſt; and ſure 'tis leſs criminal to let him love you as a Miſtreſs, than to let him hate you as a Wife. If you ſucceed, I ſuppoſe you will eaſily forgive your Guilt in the Undertaking.

Am. To ſay Truth, I find no Argument yet ſtrong enough to conquer my Inclination to it. But is there no Danger, think you, of his knowing me?

Hil.

Hil. Not the leaſt, in my Opinion: In the firſt place, he confidently believes you are dead: Then he has not ſeen you theſe eight or ten Years: Beſides you were not above ſixteen when he left you: This, with the Alteration the Small-Pox have made in you (tho' not for the worſe) I think, are ſufficient Diſguiſes to ſecure you from his Knowledge.

Am. Nay, and to this I may add, the conſiderable Amendment of my Fortune; for when he left me, I had only my bare Jointure for a Subſiſtence: Beſide my ſtrange manner of receiving him——

Hil. That's what I wou'd fain be acquainted with.

Am. I expect farther Inſtructions from Mr. *Worthy* every Moment; then you ſhall know all, my Dear.

Hil. Nay, he will do you no ſmall Service: For a Thief is the beſt Thief-catcher.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, your Servant is below, who ſays young Mr. *Worthy*'s Man waits at your Lodgings with earneſt Buſineſs from his Maſter.

Am. 'Tis well.—Come, my Dear, I muſt have your Aſſiſtance too.

Hil. With all my Heart, I love to be at the bottom of a Secret: For they ſay, the Confidant of any Amour, has ſometimes more Pleaſure in the Obſervation, than the Parties concern'd in the Enjoyment. But, methinks, you don't look with a good Heart upon the Buſineſs.

Am. I can't help a little Concern in a Buſineſs of ſuch Moment: For tho' my Reaſon tells me my Deſign muſt proſper, yet my Fears ſay 'twere Happineſs too great.—Oh! to reclaim the Man I'm bound by Heaven to love, to expoſe the Folly of a roving Mind, in pleaſing him with what he ſeem'd to loath, were ſuch a ſweet Revenge for ſlighted Love, ſo vaſt a Triumph of rewarded Conſtancy,

as

as might perſuade the looſer Part of Womankind ev'n to forſake themſelves, and fall in love with Virtue.

Re-enter the Servant to Hillaria.

Serv. Sir *Novelty Faſhion* is below in his Coach, Madam, and enquires for your Ladyſhip, or Madam *Narciſſa*.

Hil. You know my Couſin is gone out with my Lady *Tattle-tongue:* I hope you did not tell him I was within.

Serv. No, Madam, I did not know if your Ladyſhip wou'd be ſpoke with, and therefore came to ſee.

Hil. Then tell him I went with her.

Serv. I ſhall, Madam. [*Exit* Servant.

Hil. You muſt know, my Dear, I have ſent to that Fury, Mrs. *Flareit*, whom this Sir *Novelty* keeps, and have ſtung her to ſome Purpoſe with an Account of his Paſſion for my Couſin: I ow'd him a Quarrel, for that he made between Mr. *Worthy* and me, and I hope her Jealouſy will ſeverely revenge it; therefore I ſent my Couſin out of the Way, becauſe (unknown to her) her Name is at the Bottom of my Deſign.—Here he comes: Prithee, my Dear, let's go down the Back-ſtairs, and take Coach from the Garden —— [*Exeunt* Am. *and* Hil.

Re-enter the Servant, *conducting Sir* Novelty.

Sir *Nov.* Both the Ladies abroad, ſay you? Is Sir *William* within?

Serv. Yes, Sir; if you pleaſe to walk in, I'll acquaint him that you expect him here.

Sir *Nov.* Do ſo, prithee;—and in the mean time let me conſider what I have to ſay to him.—Hold—in the firſt place, his Daughter is in love with me—Wou'd I marry her? No; Demm it, 'tis mechanical to marry the Woman you love; Men of Quality ſhou'd always marry thoſe they never ſaw.—But I hear *Young Worthy* marries her to-morrow; which if I prevent not, will ſpoil my Deſign upon her. Let me ſee—— I have it—— I'll perſuade

perſuade the old Fellow, that I wou'd marry her myſelf; upon which ſhe immediately rejects *Young Worthy*, and gives me free Acceſs to her—Good—What follows upon that? Opportunity, Importunity, Reſiſtance, Force, Entreaty, Perſiſting——Doubting, Swearing, Lying,—— Bluſhes, Yielding, Victory, Pleaſure—Indifference—O! here he comes *in ordine ad*———

Enter Sir William Wiſewoud.

Sir *Wil.* Sir *Novelty*, your Servant: Have you any Commands for me, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* I have ſome Propoſals to make, Sir, concerning your Happineſs and my own, which, perhaps, will ſurprize you. In a word, Sir, I am upon the very brink of Matrimony.

Sir *Wil.* 'Tis the beſt thing you can purſue, Sir, conſidering you have a good Eſtate.

Sir *Nov.* But whom do you think I intend to marry?

Sir *Wil.* I can't imagine. Dear Sir, be brief, leſt your Delay tranſport me into a Crime I wou'd avoid, which is Impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir *Nov.* In fine, Sir, 'tis to your very Daughter, the fair *Narciſſa*.

Sir *Wil.* Humh——Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your Head?

Sir *Nov.* Above theſe two Hours, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Very good! then you ha'n't ſlept upon't?

Sir *Nov.* No, nor ſha'n't ſleep, for thinking on't. Did not I tell you I wou'd ſurprize you?

Sir *Will.* O! you have indeed, Sir: I am amaz'd! I am amaz'd!

Sir *Nov.* Well, Sir, and what think you of my Propoſal?

Sir *Wil.* Why truly, Sir, I like it not: but if I did, 'tis now too late; my Daughter is diſpos'd of to a Gentleman that ſhe and I like very well: At preſent, Sir, I have

have a little Buſineſs; if this be all, your humble Servant, I am in haſte.

Sir *Nov.* Demme, what an inſenſible Blockheads's this! Hold, Sir; D'ye hear?——Is this all the Acknowledgment you make, for the Honour I deſign'd you?

Sir *Wil.* Why truly, Sir, 'tis an Honour that I am not ambitious of: In plain terms, I do not like you for a Son-in Law.

Sir *Nov.* Now you ſpeak to the Purpoſe, Sir: But prithee, what are thy Exceptions to me?

Sir *Wil.* Why, in the firſt place, Sir, you have too great a Paſſion for your own Perſon, to have any for your Wife's: In the next Place, you take ſuch an extravagant Care in the clothing your Body, that your Underſtanding goes naked for't: Had I a Son ſo dreſs'd, I ſhou'd take the liberty to call him an egregious Fop.

Sir *Nov.* I'gad, thou art a comical old Gentleman, and I'll tell thee a Secret: Underſtand then, Sir, from me, that all young Fellows hate the Name of Fop, as Women do the Name of Whore; but, i'gad, they both love the Pleaſure of being ſo: Nay, faith, and 'tis as hard a Matter for ſome Men to be Fops, as you call 'em, as 'tis for ſome Women to be Whores.

Sir *Wil.* That's pleaſant, i'faith. Can't any Man be a Fop, or any Woman be a Whore, that has a mind to't?

Sir *Nov.* No, faith, Sir; for let me tell you, 'tis not the Coldneſs of my Lady *Freelove*'s Inclination, but her Age and Wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her Huſband. And again, 'tis not Sir *John Wou'dlook*'s Averſion to Dreſs; but his want of a fertile Genius, that won't let him look like a Gentleman: Therefore in Vindication of all well-dreſs'd Gentlemen, I intend to write a Play, where my chiefeſt Character ſhall be a *downright Engliſh Booby*, that affects to be a Beau, without either Genius or foreign Education, and to call it, in Imitation of another famous Comedy, *He Wou'd if he Cou'd:* And

now, I think, you are anſwer'd, Sir. Have you any Exceptions to my Birth or Family, pray Sir?

Sir *Wil.* Yes, Sir, I have; you ſeem to be the Offſpring of more than one Man's Labour; for certainly no leſs than a Dancing, Singing, and Fencing-Maſter, with a Taylor, Milliner, Perfumer, Peruque-Maker, and a *French Valet de Chambre*, cou'd be at the begetting of you.

Sir *Nov.* All theſe have been at the finiſhing of me ſince I was made.

Sir *Wil.* That is, Heaven made you a Man, and they have made a Monſter of you: And ſo farewel to ye.

[*Is going*

Sir *Nov.* Hark ye, Sir; am I to expect no farther Satisfaction in the Propoſals I made you?

Sir *Wil.* Sir—nothing makes a Man loſe himſelf like Paſſion: Now I preſume you are young, and conſequently raſh upon a Diſappointment; therefore to prevent any Difference that may ariſe by repeating my refuſal of your Suit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther Diſcourſe with you.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, faith, thou ſhalt ſtay to hear a little more of my Mind firſt.

Sir *Wil.* Since you preſs me, Sir, I will rather bear with, than reſiſt you.

Sir *Nov.* I doubt, old Gentleman, you have ſuch a Torrent of Philoſophy running thro' your *Pericranium*, that it has waſh'd your Brains away.

Sir *Wil.* Pray, Sir, why do you think ſo?

Sir *Nov.* Becauſe you chuſe a beggarly, unaccountable ſort of a Younger-brotheriſh Rake-hell for your Son-in-law, before a Man of Quality, Eſtate, good Parts and Breeding, Demme.

Sir *Wil.* Truly, Sir, I know neither of the Perſons to whom theſe Characters belong; if you pleaſe to write their Names under 'em, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

Sir

Sir *Nov.* Why then, in ſhort, I wou'd have been your Son-in-law; and you, it ſeems, prefer *Young Worthy* before me. Now are your Eyes open?

Sir *Wil.* Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my Son-in-law; and if you were not blind, you wou'd not think that I deſign my Daughter for *Young Worthy*—His Brother, I think, may deſerve her.

Sir *Nov.* Then you are not jealous of *Young Worthy?* Humh!

Sir *Wil.* No, really, Sir, nor of you neither.

Sir *Nov.* Give me thy Hand: Thou art very happy, ſtop my Vitals! for thou do'ſt not ſee thou art blind—Not jealous of *Young Worthy?* Ha! ha! How now?

Enter Sir Novelty's *Footman, with a Porter.*

Serv. Sir, here's a Porter with a Letter for your Honour.

Porter. I was order'd to give it into your own Hand, Sir, and expect an Anſwer.

Sir *Nov.* reads.] *Excuſe, my dear Sir* Novelty, *the forc'd Indifference I have ſhewn you, and let me recompence your paſt Sufferings with an Hour's Converſation, after the Play, at* Roſamond's Pond, *where you will find an hearty Welcome to the Arms of your* Narciſſa ——Unexpected Happineſs! The Arms of your *Narciſſa!* I'gad, and when I am there, I'll make myſelf welcome. Faith, I did not think ſhe was ſo far gone neither —But I don't queſtion, there are five hnndred more in her Condition.—I have a good mind not to go, faith—Yet, hang it, I will tho, only to be reveng'd of this old Fellow. Nay, I'll have the Pleaſure of making it publick too: For I will give her the Muſick, and draw all the Town to be Witneſs of my Triumph——Where is the Lady? [*To the* Porter.

Porter. In a Hackney-Coach at the Corner of the Street.

Sir *Nov.* Enough; tell her I will certainly be there.—[*Exit* Porter.] Well, old Gentleman, then you are re-

ſolv'd I ſhall be no kin to you? Your Daughter is diſpoſed of? Humh!

Sir *Wil.* You have your Anſwer, Sir; you ſhall be no kin to me.

Sir *Nov.* Farewel, old Philoſophy: And (d'ye hear?) I wou'd adviſe you to ſtudy nothing but the Art of Patience; you may have an unexpected Occaſion for it. Hark you; wou'd it not nettle you damnably, to hear my Son call you Grandfather?

Sir *Wil.* Sir,—notwithſtanding this Provocation, I am calm; but were I like other Men, a Slave to Paſſion, I ſhou'd not forbear calling you Impertinent. How I ſwell with riſing Vexation!——Leave me, leave me; go, Sir, go, get you out of my Houſe. [*Angrily.*

Sir *Nov.* Oh! have a care of Paſſion, dear *Diogenes:* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Wil.* So! [*Sighing.*] At laſt I have conquer'd it: Pray, Sir, oblige me with your Abſence, [*taking off his Hat.*] I proteſt I am tired with you; pray leave my Houſe. [*Submiſſively.*

Sir *Nov.* Demn your Houſe, your Family, your Anceſtors, your Generation, and your eternal Poſterity. [*Exit.*

Sir *Wil.* Ah! a fair Riddance. How I bleſs myſelf, that it was not in this Fool's Power to provoke me beyond that Serenity of Temper which a wiſe Man ought to be Maſter of! How near are Men to Brutes, when their unruly Paſſions break the Bounds of Reaſon? And of all Paſſions, Anger is the moſt violent; which often puts me in mind of that admirable Saying,

He that ſtrives not to ſtem his Anger's Tide,
Does a wild Horſe without a Bridle ride.

SCENE

The SCENE *changes to St.* James's Park.

Enter Young Worthy *and* Loveleſs, *as from the Tavern*;——Snap *following*.

Y. Wor. WHAT a ſweet Evening 'tis!——Prithee, *Ned*, let's walk a little.——Look how lovingly the Trees are join'd, ſince thou wer't here, as if Nature had deſign'd this Walk for the private Shelter of forbidden Love. [*Several croſſing the Stage.*] Look, here are ſome for making uſe of the Conveniency.

Love. But hark ye, Friend, are the Women as tame and civil as they were before I left the Town? Can they endure the Smell of Tobacco, or vouchſafe a Man a Word with a dirty Cravat on?

Y. Wor. Ay, that they will; for Keeping is almoſt out of Faſhion: So that now an honeſt Fellow, with a promiſing Back, need not fear a Night's Lodging for bare good Fellowſhip.

Love. If Whoring be ſo poorly encourag'd, methinks the Women ſhou'd turn honeſt in their own Defence.

Y. Wor. Faith, I don't find there's a Whore the leſs for it; the Pleaſure of Fornication is ſtill the ſame; all the Difference is, Lewdneſs is not ſo barefac'd as heretofore.—Virtue is as much debaſed as our Money; for Maidenheads are as ſcarce as our mill'd Half-crowns; and faith, *Dei Gratia* is as hard to be found in a Girl of Sixteen, as round the Brims of an old Shilling.

Love. Well, I find, in ſpite of Law and Duty, the Fleſh will get the better of the Spirit. But I ſee no Game yet.—

Prithee, *Will*, let's go and take t'other Bumper to enliven Aſſurance, that we may come down-right to the Buſineſs.

Y. Wor. No, no; what we have in our Bellies already, by the help of a little freſh Air, will ſoon be in our *Pericraniums*, and work us to a right Pitch to taſte the Pleaſures of the Night.

Love. The Day, thou mean'ſt; my Day always breaks at Sun-ſet. We wiſe Fellows, that know the Uſe of Life, know too, that the Moon lights Men to more Pleaſures than the Sun;—the Sun was meant for dull Souls of Buſineſs, and poor Rogues that have a mind to ſave Candles.

Y. Wor. Nay, the Night was always a Friend to Pleaſure, and that made *Diana* run a Whoring by the Light of her own Horns.

Love. Right: And, prithee, what made *Daphne* run away from *Apollo*, but that he wore ſo much Day-light about his Ears?

Y. Wor. Ha! Look out, *Ned*, there's the Enemy before you!

Love. Why then, as *Cæſar* ſaid, Come follow me. [*Exit* Loveleſs.

Y. Wor. I hope 'tis his Wife, whom I deſir'd to meet me here, that ſhe might take a View of her Soldier before ſhe new mounted him. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Flareit *and her Maid.*

Ma. I wonder, Madam, Sir *Novelty* don't come yet: I am ſo afraid he ſhou'd ſee *Narciſſa*, and find out the Trick of your Letter.

Fla. No, no: *Narciſſa* is out of the Way: I am ſure he won't be long; for I heard the Hautboys, as they paſs'd by me, mention his Name: I ſuppoſe, to make the Intrigue more faſhionable, he intends to give me the Muſick.

Ma. Suppoſe he take you for *Narciſſa*, what Advantage do you propoſe by it?

Fla.

Fla. I ſhall then have a juſt Occaſion to quarrel with him for his Perfidiouſneſs, and ſo force his Pocket to make his Peace with me: Beſide, my Jealouſy will not let me reſt till I am reveng'd.

Ma. Jealouſy! why, I have often heard you ſay, you loath'd him.

Fla. 'Tis my Pride, not Love, that makes me jealous: For, tho' I don't love him, yet I am incens'd to think he dares love another.

Ma. See, Madam, here he is, and the Muſick with him.

Fla. Put on your Mask, and leave me. [*They mask.*

Enter Sir Novelty *with the Muſick.*

Sir *Nov.* Here, Gentlemen, place yourſelves on this Spot, and pray oblige me with a Trumpet *Sonata.*——— This taking a Man at his firſt Word, is a very new way of preſerving Reputation, ſtop my Vitals—nay, and a ſecure one too; for now may we enjoy and grow weary of one another, before the Town can take any Notice of us. [Flareit *making towards him.*] Ha! this muſt be ſhe.—I ſuppoſe, Madam, you are no Stranger to the Contents of this Letter.

Fla. Dear Sir, this Place is too publick for my Acknowledgment, if you pleaſe to withdraw to a more private Conveniency. [*Exeunt.*

The Muſick prepare to play, and all ſorts of People gather about it.

Enter at one Door Nar. Hil. Am. El. Worthy, *and* Y. Worthy; *at another,* Loveleſs *and* Snap, *who talk to the Masks.*

El. Wor. What ſay you Ladies, ſhall we walk homewards? It begins to be dark.

Y. Wor. Prithee don't be ſo impatient, it's light enough to hear the Muſick, I'll warrant ye.

Am. Mr. *Worthy*, you promis'd me a Sight I long for: Is Mr. *Loveleſs* among all thoſe?

Y. Wor. That's he, Madam, ſurveying that mask'd Lady.

Am. Ha! Is't poſſible? Methinks I read his Vices in his Perſon. Can he be inſenſible, ev'n to the ſmart of pinching Poverty? Pray, Sir, your Hand:——I find myſelf diſorder'd. It troubles me to think I dare not ſpeak to him after ſo long a Separation.

Y. Wor. Madam, your ſtaying here may be dangerous, therefore let me adviſe you to go home, and get all things in order to receive him: About an hour hence will be a convenient time to ſet my Deſign a-going; till then, let me beg you to have a little Patience. Give me Leave, Madam, to ſee you to your Coach.

Am. I'll not trouble you, Sir; yonder's my Couſin *Welbred*, I'll beg his Protection. [*Exit.*

[*The Muſick plays; after which* Nar. *ſpeaks.*

Nar. I vow 'tis very fine, conſidering what dull Souls our Nation are; I find 'tis a harder matter to reform their Manners, than their Government or Religion.

El. Wor. Since the one has been ſo happily accompliſh'd, I know no reaſon why we ſhou'd deſpair of the other; I hope in a little time to ſee our Youth return from Travel, big with Praiſes of their own Country. But come, Ladies, the Muſick's done, I ſuppoſe; ſhall we walk?

Nar. Time enough; why, you have no Taſte of the true Pleaſure of the Park: I'll warrant you hate as much to ridicule others, as to hear yourſelf prais'd: For my part, I think a little harmleſs Railing's half the Pleaſure of one's Life.

El. Wor. I don't love to create myſelf Enemies, by obſerving the Weakneſs of other People; I have more Faults of my own than I know how to mend.

Nar. Protect me! How can you ſee ſuch a Medley of human Stuff as are here, without venting your Spleen?—Why look there now; is not it comical, to ſee that wretched Creature there with her autumnal Face, dreſs'd in all the Colours of the Spring? *El.*

El. Wor. Pray, who is ſhe, Madam?

Nar. A Thing that won't believe herſelf out of date, tho' ſhe was a known Woman at the *Reſtoration.*

Y. W. O! I know her, 'tis Mrs. *Holdout*, one that is proud of being an Original of faſhionable Fornication, and values herſelf mightily for being one of the firſt Miſtreſſes that ever kept her Coach publickly in *England.*

Hil. Pray who's that impudent young Fellow there?

El. Wor. Oh! that's an eternal Fan-tearer, and a conſtant Perſecutor of Womankind: He had a great Misfortune lately.

Nar. Pray what was it?

El. Wor. Why, impudently preſuming to cuckold a *Dutch* Officer, he had his Fore-teeth kick'd out.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Nar. There's another too, Mr. *Worthy:* Do you know him?

Y. Wor. That's Beau *Noiſy*; one that brags of Favours from my Lady, tho' refuſed by her Woman; that ſups with my Lord, and borrows his Club of his Footmen; and beats the Watch, and is kick'd by his Companions: that is one Day at Court, and the next in Gaol; that goes to Church without Religion, is Valiant without Courage, Witty without Senſe, and Drunk without Meaſure.

El. Wor. A very compleat Gentleman!

Hil. Prithee, Couſin, who's that over-ſhy Lady there, that won't ſeem to underſtand what that briſk young Fellow ſays to her?

Nar. Why, that's my Lady *Slylove*: The other ceremonious Gentleman is her Lover. She is ſo over-modeſt, that ſhe makes it a Scruple of ſhifting herſelf before her Woman, but afterwards makes none of doing it before her Gallant.

Y. Wor. Hang her, ſhe's a Jeſt to the whole Town: For tho' ſhe has been the Mother of two By blows, ſhe

endeavours to appear as ignorant in all Company, as if ſhe did not know the diſtinction of Sexes.

Nar. Look, look, Mr. *Worthy*, I vow, there's the Counteſs of *Incog.* out of her Diſhabillee, in a high Head, I proteſt!

Y. Wor. 'Tis as great a Wonder to ſee her out of a Hackney-Coach, as out of Debt, or———

Nar. Or out of Countenance.

Y. Wor. That indeed, ſhe ſeldom changes; for ſhe is never out of a Mask, and is ſo well known in't, that when ſhe has a mind to be private, ſhe goes barefac'd.

Nar. But come, Couſin, now let's ſee what Monſters the next Walk affords.

El. Wor. With all my Heart; 'tis in our way home.

Y. Wor. Ladies, I muſt beg your Pardon for a Moment; yonder comes one I have a little Buſineſs with, I'll diſpatch it immediately, and follow you.

Hil. No, no; we'll ſtay for you.

Nar. You may, if you pleaſe, Couſin; but, I ſuppoſe, he will hardly thank you for't.

Hil. What, then you conclude 'tis a Woman's Buſineſs, by his promiſing a quick Diſpatch?

Y. Wor. Madam, in three Minutes you ſhall know the Buſineſs: If it diſpleaſe you, condemn me to an eternal Abſence.

El. Wor. Come, Madam, let me be his Security.

Nar. I dare take your Word, Sir——

[*Exeunt* El. Wor. Hil. *and* Nar.

Enter Sly, *Servant to* Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. Well, how goes Matters? Is ſhe in a Readineſs to receive him.

Sly. To an Hair, Sir; every Servant has his Cue, and all are impatient till the Comedy begins.

Y. Wor. Stand aſide a little, and let us watch our Opportunity.

Snap. (*to a Mask.*) Enquire about half an Hour hence for Number *Two*, at the *Gridiron*. *Mask.*

Mask. To-morrow with all my Heart, but to-night I am engaged to the Chaplain of Colonel *Thunder*'s Regiment.

Snap. What, will you leave me for a Mutton-chop? for that's all he'll give you, I'm ſure.

Mask. You are miſtaken, faith, he keeps me.

Snap. Not to himſelf, I'll engage him: Yet he may too, if no body likes you better than I do. Hark you, Child, prithee, when was your Smock waſh'd?

Mask. Why, doſt thou pretend to freſh Linen, that never wore a clean Shirt but of thy Mother's own waſhing?

[*Goes from him.*

Love. What, no Adventure, no Game, *Snap?*

Snap. None, none, Sir; I can't prevail with any, from the Point Head-Cloths to the Horſe-Guard Whore.

Love. What a Pox! ſure the Whores can't ſmell an empty Pocket?

Snap. No, no, that's certain, Sir, they muſt ſee it in our Faces.

Sly. (*to Loveleſs.*) My dear Boy, how is't? I'gad, I am glad thou art come to Town: My Lady expected you above an Hour ago, and I am overjoy'd I have found thee: Come, come, come along, ſhe's impatient till ſhe ſees you.

Snap. Odsbud, Sir, follow him, he takes you for another.

Love. I'gad, it looks with the Face of an Intrigue —— I'll humour him —— Well, what ſhall we go now?

Sly. Ay, ay, now it's pure and dark, you may go undiſcover'd.

Love. That's what I wou'd do.

Sly. Odſheart, ſhe longs to ſee thee; and ſhe is a curious fine Creature, ye Rogue! ſuch Eyes! ſuch Lips! —— and ſuch a Tongue between 'em! ah, the Tip of it will ſet a Man's Soul on fire!

Love. The Rogue makes me impatient. [*Aſide.*

Sly. Come, come, the Key, the Key, the Key, you dear Rogue!

Snap. O Lord! the Key, the Key. [*Aſide.*

Love. The Key! Why ſh—ſh—ſh— ſhou'd yo—yo—you have it?

Sly. Ay, ay, quickly give's it?

Love. Why —what the Devil—ſure I ha'n't loſt it: Oh! no Gad, it is not there; What ſhall we do?

Sly. Oons, ne'er ſtand fumbling; if you have loſt it, we muſt ſhoot the Lock, I think.

Love. I'gad, and ſo we muſt, for I ha'n't it.

Sly. Come, come along, follow me.

Love. Snap, ſtand by me, you Dog.

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir. [*Exeunt* Sly, Love. *and* Snap.

Y. Wor. Ha! ha! the Rogue manag'd him moſt dexterouſly. How greedily he chopt at the Bait. What the Event will be, Heav'n knows; but thus far 'tis pleaſant; and ſince he is ſafe, I'll venture to divert my Company with the Story. Poor *Amanda*, thou well deſerv'ſt a better Husband: Thou wer't never wanting in thy Endeavours to reclaim him: And, faith, conſidering how long a Deſpair has worn thee,

'Twere pity now thy Hopes ſhou'd not ſucceed,
This new Attempt is Love's Laſt Shift *indeed.*

ACT IV.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Hillaria, *and* Narciſſa.

Elder WORTHY.

WELL, Ladies, I believe 'tis time for us to be walking.

Hil. No, pray let me engage you to ſtay a little longer: Yonder comes Sir *Novelty* and his Miſtreſs, in purſuance of the Deſign I told you of; pray have a little Patience, and you will ſee the Effects on't.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. With all my Heart, Madam. [*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter Sir Novelty, *embracing* Flareit, *mask'd.*

Sir *Nov.* Generous Creature! this is an unexampled Condeſcenſion, to meet my Paſſion with ſuch early Kindneſs. Thus let me pay my ſoft Acknowledgments.

(*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Hil. You muſt know he has miſtaken her for another.

Fla. For Heav'n's ſake let me go; if *Hillaria* ſhou'd be at home before me, I am ruin'd for ever.

Nar. Hillaria! what does ſhe mean?

Sir *Nov. Narciſſa*'s Reputation ſhall be ever ſafe, while my Life and Fortune can protect it.

Nar. O Gad, let me go; Does the impudent Creature take my Name upon her?—I'll pull off her Head-clothes.

Hil. O! fie! Couſin, what an ungenteel Revenge wou'd that be! Have a little Patience.

Nar. Oh! I am in a Flame.

Fla. But will you never ſee that common Creature *Flareit*, more?

Sir *Nov.* Never, never, feed on ſuch homely Fare, after ſo rich a Banquet.

Fla. Nay, but you muſt hate her too.

Sir *Nov.* That I did long ago. 'Tis true, I have been led away; but I deteſt a Strumpet: I am inform'd ſhe keeps a Fellow under my Noſe, and for that reaſon I would not make the Settlement I lately gave her ſome hopes of: But e'en let her pleaſe herſelf, for now I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh, now you charm me! But will you love me ever?

Sir *Nov.* Will you be ever kind?

Fla. Be ſure you never ſee *Flareit* more.

Sir *Nov.* When I do, may this ſoft Hand revenge my Perjury.

Fla. So it ſhall, Villain!

(*Strikes him a Box on the Ear, and unmasks.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir

Sir *Nov*. *Flareit!* the Devil!

Fla. What, will nothing but a Maid go down with you, thou miſerable conceited Wretch? — Foh, I'm a homely Puſs! a Strumpet not worth your Notice! Dev'l, I'll be reveng'd.

Sir *Nov*. Damn your Revenge, I'm ſure I feel it. (*Holding his Cheek.*

Nar. Really, Sir *Novelty*, I am oblig'd to you for your kind Thoughts of me, and your extraordinary Care of my Reputation.

Sir *Nov*. 'Sdeath, ſhe here! expos'd to half the Town!— Well, I muſt brazen it out however. [*Walks unconcern'd.*

Fla. What, no Pretence? no Evaſion now?

Sir *Nov*. There's no occaſion for any, Madam.

Fla. Come, come, ſwear you knew me all this while.

Sir *Nov*. No, faith, Madam, I did not know you: For if I had, you wou'd not have found me ſo furious a Lover.

Fla. Furies and Hell! dares the Monſter own his Guilt? This is beyond all Sufferance. Thou Wretch! thou Thing! thou Animal! that I (to the everlaſting Forfeiture of my Senſe and Underſtanding) have made a Man. For till thou kneweſt me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of Human kind: And doſt thou think I'll ſuffer ſuch a Worm as thee to turn againſt me? No; when I do, may I be curs'd to thy Embraces all my Life, and never know a Joy beyond thee.

Sir *Nov*. Why—wh—wh—what will your Ladyſhip's Fury do, Madam? [*Smiling.*

Fla. Only change my Lodging, Sir.

Sir *Nov*. I ſhall keep mine, Madam, that you may know where to find me when your Fury is over. —— You ſee I am good natur'd. [*Walks by her.*

Fla. This Bravery's affected: I know he loves me; and I'll pierce him to the Quick: I have yet a ſurer way to fool him. [*Aſide.*

Hil. Methinks the Knight bears it bravely.

Nar. I proteſt the Lady weeps.

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. She knows what ſhe does, I'll warrant you.

El. Wor. Ay, ay, the Fox is a better Politician than the Lion.

Fla. (with Tears in her Eyes.) Now, Woman. *Aſide.*] Sir *Novelty*, pray, Sir, let me ſpeak with you.

Sir *Nov.* Ay, Madam.

Fla. Before we part (for I find I have irrecoverably loſt your Love) let me beg of you, that from this Hour, you ne'er will ſee me more, or make any new Attempts to deceive my eaſy Temper: For I find my Nature's ſuch, I ſhall believe you, tho' to my utter Ruin.

Sir *Nov.* Pray Heav'n ſhe be in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Fla. One thing more, Sir: Since our firſt acquaintance, you have receiv'd ſeveral Letters from me; I hope you will be ſo much a Gentleman as to let me have 'em again: Thoſe I have of yours ſhall be return'd to-morrow Morning. And now, Sir, wiſhing you as much Happineſs in her you love, as you once pretended I cou'd give you,—I take of you my everlaſting leave.—Farewell, and may your next Miſtreſs love you till I hate you. [*Is going.*

Sir *Nov.* So, now muſt I ſeem to perſwade her. *Aſide.*] Nay, prithee, my Dear! why do you ſtruggle ſo? Whither wou'd you go?

Fla. Pray, Sir, give me leave to paſs, I can't bear to ſtay. [*Crying.*

Sir *Nov.* What is't that frightens you?

Fla. Your barbarous Uſage: Pray let me go.

Sir *Nov.* Nay, if you are reſolv'd, Madam, I won't preſs you againſt your Will. Your humble Servant; [*Leaves her.*] and a happy Riddance, ſtop my Vitals.

[Flareit *looks back.*

Fla. Ha! not move to call me back! ſo unconcern'd! Oh! I cou'd tear my Fleſh, ſtab every Feature in this dull decaying Face, that wants a Charm to hold him. Damn him, I loath him too: But ſhall my Pride now fall from ſuch an height, and bear the Torture unreveng'd? No,

my

my very Soul's on fire; and nothing but the Villain's Blood ſhall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

(*Snatches* Young Worthy's *Sword, and runs at him.*

Y. Wor. Have a care, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* Let her alone, Gentlemen, I'll warrant you.

(*Draws, and ſtands upon his Guard.*

(Young Worthy *takes the Sword from her, and holds her.*

Fla. Prevented! Oh, I ſhall choke with boiling Gall. Oh! oh! humh! Let me go; I'll have his Blood, his Blood, his Blood.

Sir *Nov.* Let her come, let her come, Gentlemen.

Fla. Death and Vengeance! am I become his Sport? He's pleas'd, and ſmiles to ſee me rage the more; but he ſhall find no Fiend in Hell can match the Fury of a diſappointed Woman.—Scorn'd! ſlighted! diſmiſs'd without a parting Pang! O torturing Thought! May all the Racks Mankind e'er gave our eaſy Sex, neglected Love, decaying Beauty, and all the Dotage of undone Deſire light on me, if e'er I ceaſe to be the eternal Plague of his remaining Life, nay, after Death;

When his black Soul lies howling in Deſpair,
I'd plunge to Hell, and be his Torment there. (Exit.

El. Wor. Sure, Sir *Novelty*, you never lov'd this Lady, if you are ſo indifferent at parting.

Sir *Nov.* Why, faith, *Tom*, to tell you the Truth, her Jealouſy has been ſo troubleſome and ſo expenſive to me of late, that I have theſe three Months ſought an Opportunity to leave her: But, faith, I had always more reſpect to my Life, than to let her know it before.

Hil. Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you had very little reſpect to her Life, when you drew upon her.

Sir *Nov.* Why, what wou'd you have had me done, Madam, complimented her with my naked Boſom? No, no. Look ye, Madam, if ſhe had made any Advances, I cou'd have diſarm'd her in Second at the very firſt Paſs.—But come, Ladies, as we walk, I'll beg your Judgments in

in a particular nice Fancy, that I intend to appear in, the very firſt Week the Court is quite out of Mourning.

El. Wor. With all my Heart, Sir *Novelty*.—Come, Ladies, I think 'twere Charity not to keep you up any longer. See the Coaches ready at S. *James*'s Gate. (*To his Servants.*

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE, Amanda's *Houſe.*

Enter two Servants.

1ſt Serv. COME, come, make haſte: Is the Supper and the Muſick ready?

2d Serv. It is, it is. Well, is he come?

1ſt Serv. Ay, ay, I came before to tell my Lady the News. That Rogue *Sly* managed him rarely; he has been this half Hour pretending to pick the Lock of the Garden Door. Well, poor Lady, I wiſh her good Luck with him, for ſhe's certainly the beſt Miſtreſs living. Hark ye, Is the Wine ſtrong as ſhe order'd? Be ſure you ply him home, for he muſt have two or three Bumpers to qualify him for her Deſign. See, here he comes: away to your Poſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveleſs *conducted by* Sly, Snap *ſtealing after him.*

Love. Where the Devil will this Fellow lead me?——Nothing but Silence and Darkneſs!—Sure the Houſe is haunted, and he has brought me to face the Spirit at his wonted Hour.

Sly. There, there; in, in—Slip on your Night-Gown, and refreſh yourſelf: In the mean time, I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here. [*Exit.*

Love:

Love. *Snap!*

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll warrant you. *(Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to an Anti-chamber; a Table, Light, a Night-Gown, and a Peruque lying by.*

They re-enter.

Love. HA! what ſweet Lodgings are here! Where can this end?

Snap. I'gad, Sir, I long to know. — Pray Heav'n we are not deluded hither to be ſtarv'd. — Methinks, I wiſh I had brought the Remnants of my Dinner with me.

Love. Hark! I hear ſomebody coming: Hide yourſelf, Raſcal; I wou'd not have you ſeen.

Snap. Well, Sir, I'll line this Trench, in caſe of your being in danger. *(Gets under the Table.*

Love. Ha! this Night-Gown and Peruque don't lie here for nothing — I'll make myſelf agreeable — I have baulk'd many a Woman in my time for want of a clean Shirt. —— [*Puts 'em on.*

Enter Servants with a Supper; after them a Man and Woman.

Love. Ha! a Supper! Heaven ſend it be no Viſion. If the Meat be real, I ſhall believe the Lady may prove Fleſh and Blood. — Now am I damnably puzzled to know whether this be ſhe, or not. Madam —— (*Bows.*

Wom. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon for a Moment.

Love. Humh, her Lady! Good.

Wom. She's unfortunately detain'd by ſome Female Viſiters, which ſhe will diſpatch with all the Haſte imaginable: In the mean time be pleas'd to refreſh yourſelf with what the Houſe affords. —— Pray, Sir, ſit down.

Love.

Love. Not alone; Madam, you muſt bear me Company.

Wom. To oblige you, Sir, I'll exceed my Commiſſion.

Snap. (under the Table.) Was there ever ſo unfortunate a Dog? What the Devil put it in my Head to hide my ſelf before Supper? Why this is worſe than being lock'd into a Cloſet while another Man's a-bed with my Wife. I ſuppoſe my Maſter will take as much Care of me too, as I ſhould of him, if I were in his Place.

Wom. Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*

Love. Madam, your humble Servant: I'll pledge you. *Snap*, when there's any Danger, I'll call you: In the mean time lie ſtill, dy'e hear? [*Aſide to* Snap.

Snap. I'gad, I'll ſhift for myſelf then. [*Snatches a Flaſk unſeen.*] So, now I am arm'd, Defiance to all Danger.

Love. Madam, your Lady's Health.

Snap. Ay, ay, let it go round, I ſay. [*Drinks.*

Wom. Well, really, Sir, my Lady's very happy that ſhe has got looſe from her Relations; for they were always teizing her about you: But ſhe defies 'em all now.—— Come, Sir, Succeſs to both your Wiſhes. [*Drinks.*

Love. Give me a Glaſs: Methinks this Health inſpires me.—My Heart grows lighter for the Weight of Wine.— Here, Madam,— Proſperity to the Man that ventures moſt to pleaſe her.

Wom. What think you of a Song to ſupport this Gayety?

Love. With all my Heart.

A Song here.

Love. You have oblig'd me, Madam. [I'gad, I like this Girl: She takes off her Glaſs ſo feelingly, I am half perſuaded ſhe's of a thirſty Love: If her Lady don't make a little haſte, I find I ſhall preſent my humble Service to her. *Aſide.*

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Amanda's *Woman.*

Wom. Sir, I aſk your Pardon: My Lady has ſome Commands for me; I will return immediately.

Love. Your Servant——Methinks this is a very new Method of Intriguing. *Snap.*

Snap. Pray Heaven it be new! for the old Way commonly ended in a good Beating: But a Pox of Danger, I ſay; and ſo here's good Luck to you, Sir.

Love. Take heed, Rogue, you don't get drunk, and diſcover yourſelf.

Snap. It muſt be with a freſh Flaſk then; for this is expired, *Supernaculum*.

Love. Lie cloſe, you Dog; I hear ſomebody coming: I am impatient till I ſee this Creature. This Wine has arm'd me againſt all Thoughts of Danger. Pray Heav'n ſhe be young, for then ſhe can't want Beauty. Ha! here ſhe comes. Now, never-failing Impudence, aſſiſt me.

Enter Amanda *looſely dreſs'd.*

Am. Where's my Love? O, let me fly into his Arms, and live for ever there.

Love. My Life! my Soul! *(Runs and embraces her.)* By Heav'n a tempting Creature! Melting, ſoft and warm,—as my Deſire——Oh, that I cou'd hide my Face for ever thus, that, undiſcover'd, I might reap the Harveſt of a ripe Deſire, without the lingring Pains of growing Love.

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Am. Look up my Lord, and bleſs me with a tender Look; and let my talking Eyes inform thee how I have languiſh'd for thy Abſence.

Love. Let's retire, and chaſe away our fleeting Cares with the Raptures of untir'd Love.

Am. Bleſs me! your Voice is ſtrangely alter'd—Ha! defend me! Who's this? Help! help! within there?

Love. So! I am diſcover'd. A Pox on my Tatling! that I cou'd not hold my Tongue till I got to her Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sly, *and other Servants.*

Sly. Did your Ladyſhip call Help, Madam? What's the Matter?

Am. Villain! Slave! who's this? What Ruffian have you brought here?——Dog, I'll have you murder'd.

[Sly *looks in his Face.*

Sly.

Sly. Bleſs me! O Lord! Dear Madam, I beg your Pardon: As I hope to be ſav'd, Madam, 'tis a Miſtake: I took him for Mr.———

Am. Be dumb, eternal Blockhead!—Here, take this Fellow, toſs him in a Blanket, and let him be turn'd out of my Doors immediately.

Sly. O pray; dear Madam; for Heaven's ſake; I am a ruin'd Man———

Snap. Ah! *Snap*, what will become of thee? Thou art fall'n into the Hand of a Tygreſs that has loſt her Whelp. I have no hopes, but in my Maſter's Impudence: Heaven ſtrengthen it.

Am. I'll hear no more; away with him. [*Exeunt the Servants with* Sly.) Now, Sir, for you: I expected——

Love. A Man, Madam, did you not?

Am. Not a Stranger, Sir; but one that has a Right and Title to that Welcome, which by Miſtake has been given to you.

Love. Not an Husband, I preſume: He would not have been ſo privately conducted to your Chamber, and in the Dark too.

Am. Whoever it was, Sir, is not your Buſineſs to examine: But, if you wou'd have civil Uſage, pray be gone.

Love. To be uſed civilly, I muſt ſtay, Madam: There can be no Danger in ſo fair a Creature.

Am. I doubt you are mad, Sir.

Love. While my Senſes have ſuch luſcious Food before 'em, no Wonder if they are in ſome Confuſion, each ſtriving to be foremoſt at the Banquet; and ſure my greedy Eyes will ſtarve the reſt. [*Approaching her:*

Am. Pray, Sir, keep your Diſtance, leſt your Feeling too be gratify'd.

Snap. O Lord! wou'd I were a hundred Leagues off at Sea!

Love. Then briefly thus, Madam: Know, I like and love you: Now, if you have ſo much Generoſity as to let

let me know what Title my pretended Rival has to your Perſon, or your Inclinations; perhaps the little Hopes I then may have of ſupplanting him, may make me leave your Houſe: If not, my Love ſhall ſtill purſue you, tho' to the hazard of my Life; which I ſhall not eaſily reſign, while this Sword can guard it.

Am. Oh, were this Courage ſhewn but in a better Cauſe, how worthy were the Man that own'd it! *Aſide.*] What is it, Sir, that you purpoſe, by this unneceſſary Trifling? Know then, that I did expect a Lover; a Man, perhaps, more brave than you: One, that if preſent, wou'd have given you a ſhorter Anſwer to your Queſtion.

Love. I am glad to here he's Brave, however: It betrays no Weakneſs in your Choice. But if you'd ſtill preſerve or raiſe the Joys of Love, remove him from your Thoughts a Moment, and in his room receive a warmer Heart, a Heart that muſt admire you more than he, becauſe my Paſſion's of a freſher Date.

Am. What d'ye take me for?

Love. A Woman, and the moſt charming of your Sex: One, whoſe pointed Eyes declare you form'd for Love. And tho' your Words are flinty, your every Look and Motion all confeſs there's a ſecret Fire within you, which muſt ſparkle, when the Steel of Love provokes it. Come, now pull away your Hand, to make me hold it faſter.

Am. Nay, now you are rude, Sir.

Love. If Love be Rudeneſs, let me be impudent: When we are familiar, Rudeneſs will be Love. No Woman ever thought her Lover rude, after ſhe had once granted him the Favour.

Am. Pray, Sir, forbear.

Love. How can I, when my Deſire's ſo violent? Oh, let me ſnatch the roſy Dew from thoſe diſtilling Lips; and as you ſee your Power to charm, ſo chide me with your Pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your Face? I own the Bleſſing's worth an Age's Expectation; but if

refuſed

refuſed till merited, 'tis eſteemed a Debt. Wou'd you oblige your Lover, let looſe your early Kindneſs,

Am. I ſhall not take your Counſel, Sir, while I know a Woman's early Kindneſs is as little Sign of her Generoſity, as her Generoſity is a Sign of her Diſcretion: Nor wou'd I have you believe I am ſo ill provided for, that I need liſten to any Man's firſt Addreſſes.

Love. Why, Madam, wou'd you not drink the firſt time you had a Thirſt?

Am. Yes; but not before I had.

Love. If you can't drink, yet you may kiſs the Cup; and that may give you Inclination.

Am. Your Pardon, Sir; I drink out of no body's Glaſs but my own: As the Man I love confines himſelf to me, ſo my Inclination keeps me true to him.

Love. That's a Cheat impoſed upon you by your own Vanity: For when your Back's turn'd, your very Chamber-Maid ſips of your Leavings, and becomes your Rival. Conſtancy in Love is all a Cheat; Women of your Underſtanding know it. The Joys of Love are only great when they are new; and to make 'em laſting, we muſt often change.

Am. Suppoſe 'twere a freſh Lover I now expected.

Love. Why then, Madam, your Expectation's anſwer'd. For I muſt confeſs, I don't take you for an old Acquaintance, tho' ſomewhere I have ſeen a Face not much unlike you. Come, your Arguments are vain; for they are ſo charmingly deliver'd, they but inſpire me the more, as Blows in Battle raiſe the brave Man's Courage. Come, every thing pleads for me; your Beauty, Wit, Time, Place, Opportunity, and my own Exceſs of burning Paſſion.

Am. Stand off, diſtant as the Globes of Heav'n and Earth, that like a falling Star I may ſhoot with greater Force into your Arms, and think it Heav'n to lie expiring there. [*Runs into his Arms.*

Snap. Ah! ah! ah! Rogue, the Day's our own.

Love.

Love. Thou ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Creature Heav'n e'er form'd! Thus let me twine myſelf about thy beauteous Limbs, till ſtruggling with the Pangs of painful Bliſs, motionleſs and mute we yield to conquering Love; both vanquiſh'd, and both Victors.

Am. Can all this Heat be real? Oh, why has hateful Vice ſuch Power to charm, while poor abandon'd Virtue lies neglected? [*Aſide*.

Love. Come, let us ſurfeit on our new born Raptures: let's waken ſleeping Nature with Delight, till we may juſtly ſay, Now, now, we live!

Am. Come on; let's indulge the Tranſports of our preſent Bliſs, and bid Defiance to our future Change of Fate. Who waits there?

Enter Amanda's *Woman*.

Am. Bring me Word immediately if my Apartment's ready, as I order'd it. O, I am charm'd, I have found the Man to pleaſe me now; one that can, and dares maintain the noble Rapture of a lawleſs Love. I own myſelf a Libertine, a mortal Foe to that dull Thing call'd Virtue, that mere Diſeaſe of ſickly Nature. Pleaſure's the End of Life; and while I'm Miſtreſs of myſelf, and Fortune, I will enjoy it to the height. Speak freely then (not that I love, like other Women, the nauſeous Pleaſure of a little Flattery) but anſwer me like a Man that ſcorns a Lye: Does my Face invite you, Sir? May I, from what you ſee of me, propoſe a Pleaſure to myſelf in pleaſing you?

Love. By Heaven you may: I have ſeen all the Beauties that the Sun ſhines on, but never ſaw the Sun outſhin'd before: I meaſured half the World in ſearch of Pleaſure; but not returning home, had ne'er been happy.

Am. Spoken like the Man I wiſh might love me.—Pray Heaven his Words prove true. *Aſide*.] Be ſure you never flatter me; and when my Perſon tires you, confeſs it freely: For change whenever you will, I'll change as ſoon.

ſoon. But while we chance to meet, ſtill let it be with raging Fire: No matter how ſoon it dies, provided the ſmall time it laſts, it burns the fiercer.

Love. O! wou'd the blinded World, like us, agree to change, how laſting might the Joys of Love be! For thus Beauty, tho' ſtale to one, might ſomewhere elſe be new; and while this Man were bleſs'd in leaving what he loath'd, another were new bleſs'd in receiving what he ne'er enjoy'd.

Re-enter Amanda's *Woman.*

Wom. Madam, every thing is according to your Order.

Love. Oh! lead me to the Scene of unſupportable Delight; wrack me with Pleaſures never known before, till I lie gaſping with convulſive Paſſion: This Night let us be laviſh to our unbounded Wiſhes.

Give all our Stock at once to raiſe the Fire,
And revel to the height of looſe Deſire. [Exeunt.

Wom. Ah! what an happy Creature's my Lady now! There's many an unſatisfy'd Wife about Town wou'd be glad to have her Huſband as wicked as my Maſter, upon the ſame Terms my Lady has him. Few Women, I'm afraid, wou'd grudge an Huſband the laying out his Stock of Love, that cou'd receive ſuch conſiderable Intereſt for it. Well —— now ſhan't I take one wink of ſleep, for thinking how they'll employ their Time to-night — Faith, I muſt liſten, if I were to be hang'd for't.

[*Liſtens at the Door.*

Snap. So! my Maſter's provided for, therefore it's time for me to take care of myſelf: I have no mind to be lock'd out of my Lodging; I fancy there's room for two in the Maid's Bed, as well as my Lady's. —— This ſame Flaſk was plaguy ſtrong Wine: — I find I ſhall ſtorm, if ſhe don't ſurrender fairly. By your leave, Damſel.

Wom. Bleſs me! who's this? O Lord! what wou'd you have? who are you?

Snap. One that has a Right and Title to your Body; myMaſter having already taken Poſſeſſion of your Lady's.

Wom. Let me go, or I'll cry out.

Snap. Ye lye; ye dare not diſturb your Lady: But the better to ſecure you, thus I ſtop your Mouth. [*Kiſſes her.*

Wom. Humh! —— Lord bleſs me! is the Devil in you, tearing one's Things?

Snap. Then ſhew me your Bed-chamber.

Wom. The Devil ſhall have you firſt.

Snap. A'ſhall have both together then: Here will I fix, (*takes her about the Neck*) juſt in this Poſture till to-morrow Morning. In the mean time, when you find your Inclination ſtirring, prithee give me a call, for at preſent I am very ſleepy. [*Seems to ſleep.*

Wom. Foh! how he ſtinks. Ah! what a Whiff was there!—The Rogue's as drunk as a Sailor with a Twelvemonth's Arrears in his Pocket; or a *Jacobite* upon a Day of ill News. I'll ha'nothing to ſay to him.—Let me ſee, how ſhall I get rid of him? O! I have it—I'll ſoon make him ſober I'll warrant him. Soho,—Mr. What d'ye call'um, where do you intend to lie to-night?

Snap. Humh—why where you lay laſt Night, unleſs you change your Lodging.

Wom. Well, for once I'll take pity of you: make no noiſe, but put out the Candles, and follow me ſoftly, for fear of diſturbing my Lady.

Snap. I'll warrant ye, there's no fear of ſpoiling her Muſick, while we are playing the ſame Tune.

The SCENE *changes to a dark Entry, and they re-enter.*

Wom. WHERE are you? Lend me your Hand.

Snap. Here, here; make haſte, my dear Concupiſcence.

Wom. Hold; ſtand there a little, while I open the Door gently, without waking the Footmen.

[*She feels about, and opens a Trap Door.*

Wom. Come along ſoftly this way.

Snap. Whereabouts are you?

Wom. Here, here, come ſtrait forward,

[*He goes forward, and falls into the Cellar.*

Snap. O Lord! O Lord! I have broke my Neck.

Wom. I am glad to hear him ſay ſo however, I ſhould be loth to be hang'd for him. How d'ye, Sir?

Snap.

Snap. D'ye, Sir! I am a League under Ground.

Wom. Whereabouts are you?

Snap. In Hell, I think.

Wom. No, no; you're but in the Road to it, I dare ſay. Ah, dear! why will you follow lewd Women at this rate, when they lead you to the very Gulph of Deſtruction? I knew you wou'd be ſwallow'd up at laſt. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Snap. Ah, ye ſneering Whore!

Wom. Shall I fetch you a Pray'r Book, Sir, to arm you againſt the Temptations of the Fleſh?

Snap. No; you need but ſhew your damn'd ugly Face, to do that. Hark ye, either help me out, or I'll hang my ſelf, and ſwear you murder'd me.

Wom. Nay, if you are ſo bloody-minded, good Night to ye, Sir.

[*She offers to ſhut the Door over him, and he catches hold on her.*

Snap. Ah, ah, ah! have I caught you? I'gad we'll pig together now.

Wom. O Lord! pray let me go, and I'll do any thing.

Snap. And ſo you ſhall before I part with you.

[*Pulls her in to him.*

And now, Maſter, my humble Service to you.

[*He pulls the Door over them.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *Sir* Will. Wiſewou'd's *Houſe.*

Enter E. Wor. Y. Wor. *and a Lawyer with a Writing.*

E. WORTHY.

ARE the Ladies ready?

Y. Wor. Hillaria is juſt gone up to haſten her Couſin, and Sir *William* will be here immediately.

El. Wor. But hark you, Brother; I have conſider'd of it, and pray let me oblige you not to purſue

your Deſign on his five thouſand Pound: for in ſhort, 'tis no better than a Cheat, and what a Gentleman ſhou'd ſcorn to be guilty of. Is it not ſufficient that I conſent to your wronging him of his Daughter?

Y. Wor. Your Pardon, Brother, I can't allow that a Wrong: For his Daughter loves me: Her Fortune, you know, he has nothing to do with; and it's a hard caſe a young Woman ſhall not have the diſpoſal of her Heart. Love's a Fever of the Mind, which nothing but our own Wiſhes can aſſwage; and I don't queſtion but we ſhall find Marriage a very cooling Cordial. —— And as to the five thouſand Pounds, 'tis no more than what he has endeavour'd to cheat his Niece of.

El. Wor. What d'ye mean? I take him for an honeſt Man.

Y. Wor. Oh! very honeſt! As honeſt as an old Agent to a new rais'd Regiment.—No, faith, I'll ſay that for him, he will not do an ill thing, unleſs he gets by it. In a word, this ſo very honeſt Sir *William*, as you take him to be, has offer'd me the refuſal of your Miſtreſs; and upon Condition I will ſecure him five thouſand Pound upon my Day of Marriage with her, he will ſecure me her Perſon, and ten thouſand Pound, the remaining part of her Fortune: There's a Guardian for ye! What think ye now, Sir?

El. Wor. Why, I think he deſerves to be ſerv'd in the ſame kind. I find Age and Avarice are inſeparable; therefore e'en make what you can of him, and I will ſtand by you. But hark you, Mr. *Forge*, are you ſure it will ſtand good in Law, if Sir *William* ſigns the Bond?

Law. In any Court in *England*, Sir.

El. Wor. Then there's your fifty Pieces; and if it ſucceeds, here are as many more in the ſame Pocket to anſwer 'em: But, mum,—here comes Sir *William* and the Ladies.

Enter Sir William Wiſewou'd, Hillaria, *and* Narciſſa.

Sir *Will.* Good Morrow, Gentlemen. Mr. *Worthy*, I give you Joy. Odſo! if my Heels were as light as my Heart, I ſhou'd ha' much ado to forbear dancing. —— Here, here, take her, Man, [*Gives him* Narciſſa's *Hand.* ſhe's yours, and ſo is her Thouſand Pounds a Year, and my Five thouſand Pounds ſhall be yours too. *Y. Wor.*

Y. Wor. You muſt ask me leave firſt. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Wil.* Odſo! is the Lawyer come?

El. Wor. He is, and all the Writings are ready, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Come, come, let's ſee, Man—What's this? Odd! this Law is a plaguy troubleſome thing; for now-a-days it won't let a Man give away his own, without repeating the Particulars five hundred times over; when, in former times, a Man might have held his Title to Twenty thouſand Pounds a year in the compaſs of an Horn-book.

Law. That is, Sir, becauſe there are more Knaves now-a days, and this Age is more treacherous and diſtruſtful than heretofore.

Sir *Wil.* That is, Sir, becauſe there are more Lawyers than heretofore. But come, what's this, prithee?

Law. Theſe are the old Writings of your Daughter's Fortune—This is Mr. *Worthy*'s Settlement upon her;—and this, Sir, is your Bond for Five thouſand Pounds to him: There wants nothing but filling up the Blanks with the Parties Names; if you pleaſe, Sir, I'll do it immediately.

Sir *Wil.* Do ſo.

Law. May I crave your Daughter's Chriſtian Name? the reſt I know, Sir.

Sir *Wil. Narciſſa:* Prithee make haſte.——

Y. Wor. You know your Buſineſs.—[*Aſide to the* Lawyer.

Law. I'll warrant you, Sir. [*Sits to write.*

Sir *Wil.* Mr. *Worthy*, methinks your Brother does not reliſh your Happineſs as he ſhou'd do: Poor Man! I'll warrant he wiſhes himſelf in his Brother's Condition.

Y. Wor. Not I, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Niece, Niece, have you no Pity? Prithee look upon him a little. Odd! he's a pretty young Fellow:—I am ſure he loves you, or he wou'd not have frequented my Houſe ſo often. D'ye think his Brother cou'd not tell my Daughter his own Story without your Aſſiſtance? Pſhaw-waw! I tell you, you were the Beauty that made him ſo aſſiduous: Come, come, give him your Hand, and he'll ſoon creep into your Heart, I'll warrant you: Come, ſay the Word, and make him happy.

Hil. What, to make myſelf miſerable, Sir? marry a Man without an Eſtate!

Sir *Wil.* Hang an Eſtate; true Love's beyond all Riches. 'Tis all Dirt — mere Dirt — Beſide, ha'n't you Fifteen thouſand Pounds to your Portion?

Hil. I doubt, Sir, you wou'd be loth to give him your Daughter, tho' her Fortune's larger.

Sir *Wil.* Odd, if he lov'd her but half ſo well as he loves you, he ſhou'd have her for a Word ſpeaking.

Hil. But, Sir, this aſks ſome Conſideration.

Nar. You ſee, Mr. *Worthy*, what an extraordinary Kindneſs my Father has for you.

Y. Wor. Ay, Madam, and for your Couſin too: But I hope, with a little of your Aſſiſtance, we ſhall be both able, very ſhortly, to return it.

Nar. Nay, I was always ready to ſerve *Hillaria*: For Heav'n knows, I only marry to revenge her Quarrel to my Father: I cannot forgive his offering to ſell her.

Y. Wor. Oh, you need not take ſuch Pains, Madam, to conceal your Paſſion for me; you may own it without a Bluſh, upon your Wedding-day.

Nar. My Paſſion! When did you hear me acknowledge any? If I thought you cou'd believe me guilty of ſuch a Weakneſs, tho' after I had marry'd you, I'd never look you in the Face.

Y. Wor. A very pretty Humour this, faith! What a world of unneceſſary Sins have we two to anſwer for! For ſhe has told more Lyes to conceal her Love, than I have ſworn falſe Oaths to promote it. *Aſide.*] Well, Madam, I'll content myſelf with your giving me leave to love.

Nar. Which if I don't give, you'll take, I ſuppoſe.

Hil. Well, Uncle, I won't promiſe you, but I'll go to Church, and ſee them marry'd; when we come back, 'tis ten to one but I ſurprize you where you leaſt think on.

Sir *Wil.* Why, that's well ſaid — Mr. *Worthy*, now, now's your time: Odd! I have ſo fir'd her, 'tis not in her power to deny you, Man. — To her, to her; I warrant her thy own, Boy — You'll keep your Word? five thouſand Pounds upon the Day of Marriage.

Y. Wor. I'll give you my Bond upon demand, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* O! I dare take your Word, Sir —— Come, Lawyer, have you done? is all ready?

Law.

Law. All, Sir. This is your Bond, Mr. *Worthy*: Will you be pleas'd to ſign that firſt, Sir?

Sir *Wil.* Ay, ay; let's ſee: *The Condition of this Obligation.* (Reads.) Hum, um — Come, lend me the Pen.— There—Mr. *Worthy*, I deliver this as my Act and Deed to you, and Heaven ſend you a good Bargain. — Niece, will you witneſs it? *(Which ſhe does.)* — Come, Lawyer, your Fiſt too. *(Lawyer witneſſes it.*

Law. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to ſign the Jointure.

El. Wor. Come on.—Sir *William*, I deliver this to you for the Uſe of your Daughter. Madam, will you give your ſelf the Trouble once more? (Hillaria *ſets her Hand.*) Come, Sir *(The Lawyer does the ſame.)* So, now let a Coach be call'd as ſoon as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* You may ſave that Charge, I ſaw your own at the Door.

El. Wor. Your Pardon, Sir; that wou'd make our Buſineſs too publick: For which reaſon, Sir *William*, I hope you will excuſe our not taking you along with us.

[*Ex. Servant.*

Sir *Wil.* Ay, ay with all my Heart; the more Privacy, the leſs Expence. But pray, what time may I expect you back again? For *Amanda* has ſent to me for the Writings of her Huſband's Eſtate: I ſuppoſe ſhe intends to redeem the Mortgage, and I am afraid ſhe will keep me there till Dinner-time.

Y. Wor. Why, about that time ſhe has obliged me to bring ſome of her neareſt Friends to be Witneſſes to her good or evil Fortune with her Husband: Methinks I long to know of her Succeſs; if you pleaſe, Sir *William*, we'll meet you there.

Sir *Wil.* With all my Heart. —— *(Enter a Servant.)* Well, is the Coach come?

Serv. It is at the Door, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Come, Gentlemen, no Ceremony, your time's ſhort.

El. Wor. Your Servant, Sir *William*.

[*Ex.* El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Narciſſa, *and* Hillaria.

Sir *Wil.* So, here's five thouſand Pounds got with a wet Finger! This 'tis to read Mankind! I knew, a young

Lover wou'd never think he gave too much for his Miſtreſs. Well, if I don't ſuddenly meet with ſome Misfortune, I ſhall never be able to bear this tranquillity of Mind. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to* Amanda's *Houſe.*

Enter Amanda *ſola:*

Am. Thus far my hopes have all been anſwer'd, and my Diſguiſe of vicious Love has charm'd him ev'n to a madneſs of impure Deſire: — but now I tremble to pull off the Maſk, leſt barefac'd Virtue ſhould fright him from my Arms for ever. Yet ſure there are Charms in Virtue, nay, ſtronger and more pleaſing far than hateful Vice can boaſt of; elſe why have holy Martyrs periſh'd for its ſake? While Lewdneſs ever gives ſevere Repentance, and unwilling Death.—— Good Heaven inſpire my Heart, and hang upon my Tongue the Force of Truth and Eloquence, that I may lure this wandring Falcon back to Love and Virtue.—— He comes, and now my dreadful Taſk begins.

Enter Loveleſs *in new Clothes.*

Am. How fare you, Sir? D'ye not already think your ſelf confin'd? Are you not tir'd with my eaſy Love?

Love. O never, never; you have ſo fill'd my Thoughts with Pleaſures paſt, that but to reflect on 'em is ſtill new Rapture to my Soul, and the Bliſs muſt laſt while I have Life or Memory.

Am. No Flattery, Sir: I lov'd you for your plain dealing: and to preſerve my good Opinion, tell me, what think you of the Grape's perſwading Juice? Come, ſpeak freely, Wou'd not the next Tavern Buſh put all this out of your Head?

Love. Faith, Madam, to be free with you, I am apt to think you are in the right on't. For tho' Love and Wine are two very fine Tunes, yet they make no Muſick, if you play them both together; ſeparately they raviſh us: Thus the Miſtreſs ought to make room for the Bottle, the Bottle for the Miſtreſs, and both to wait the Call of Inclination.

Am.

Am. That's generouſly ſpoken.—I have obſerv'd, Sir, in all your Diſcourſe, you confeſs ſomething of a Man that has throughly known the World.—Pray give me leave to aſk of you, of what Condition you are, and whence you came?

Love. Why, in the firſt place, Madam,——by Birth I am a Gentleman; by ill Friends, good Wine, and falſe Dice, almoſt a Beggar: But by your Servant's miſtaking me, the happieſt Man that ever Love and Beauty ſmil'd on.

Am. One thing more, Sir: Are you marry'd?—Now my Fears. [*Aſide.*

Love. I was, but very young.

Am. What was your Wife?

Love. A fooliſh loving Thing, that built Caſtles in the Air, and thought it impoſſible for a Man to forſwear himſelf when he made Love.

Am. Was ſhe not virtuous?

Love. Umph— Yes, faith, I believe ſhe might, I was ne'er jealous of her.

Am. Did you ne'er love her?

Love. Ah, moſt damnably at firſt, for ſhe was within two Women of my Maidenhead.

Am. What's become of her?

Love. Why, after I had been from her beyond Sea, about ſeven or eight years, like a very loving Fool ſhe dy'd of the Pip, and civily left me the World to range in.

Am. Why did you leave her?

Love. Becauſe ſhe grew ſtale, and I cou'd not whore in quiet for her: Beſides, ſhe was always exclaiming againſt my Extravagancies, particularly my Gaming, which ſhe ſo violently oppos'd, that I fancy'd a Pleaſure in it, which ſince I never found; for in one Month I loſt between eight and ten thouſand Pounds, which I had juſt before call'd in to pay my Debts. This Misfortune made my Creditors come ſo thick upon me, that I was forc'd to mortgage the remaining Part of my Eſtate to purchaſe new Pleaſure; which I knew I cou'd not do on this ſide of the Water, amidſt the Clamours of inſatiate Duns, and the more hateful Noiſe of a complaining Wife.

Am. Don't you wiſh you had taken her Counſel, tho'?

Love. Not I, faith, Madam.

Am. Why ſo?

Love. Becauſe 'tis to no Purpoſe: I am Maſter of more Philoſophy, than to be concern'd at what I can't help.—But now, Madam,——pray give me leave to inform my ſelf as far in your Condition.

Am. In a Word, Sir, till you know me thoroughly, I muſt own myſelf a perfect Riddle to you.

Love. Nay, nay, I know you are a Woman: But in what Circumſtances, Wife or Widow?

Am. A Wife, Sir; a true, a faithful, and a virtuous Wife.

Love. Umh! truly, Madam, your Story begins ſomething like a Riddle: A virtuous Wife, ſay you? What, and was you never falſe to your Husband?

Am. I never was, by Heav'n! for him, and only h'm, I ſtill love above the World.

Love. Good again! Pray, Madam, don't your Memory fail you ſometimes? becauſe I fancy you don't remember what you do over Night.

Am. I told you, Sir, I ſhou'd appear a Riddle to you: But if my Heart will give me leave, I'll now unloo.e your fetter'd Apprehenſion:—— But I muſt firſt amaze you more; — Pray, Sir, ſatisfy me in one Particular:—'Tis this,—What are your undiſſembled Thoughts of Virtue? Now, if you can, ſhake off your looſe unthinking Part, and ſummon all your Force of manly Reaſon to reſolve me.

Love. Faith, Madam, methinks this is a very odd Queſtion for a Woman of your Character. I muſt confeſs you have amaz'd me.

Am. It ought not to amaze you. Why ſhou'd you think I make a Mock of Virtue? But laſt Night you allow'd my Underſtanding greater than is uſual in our Sex: If ſo, can you believe I have no farther Senſe of Happineſs, than what this empty, dark, and barren World can yield me? No, I have yet a Proſpect of a ſublimer Bliſs, an Hope that carries me to the brighter Regions of eternal Day.

Love. Humh! I thought her laſt Night's Humour was too good to hold. I ſuppoſe, by and by ſhe will aſk me to go to Church with her. *Aſide*] Faith, Madam, in my mind this Diſcourſe is a little out of the Way. You told me I ſhould

ſhould be acquainted with your Condition, and at preſent that's what I had rather be inform'd of.

Am. Sir, you ſhall: But firſt, this Queſtion muſt be anſwer'd: Your Thoughts of Virtue, Sir?——By all my Hopes of Bliſs hereafter, your anſwering this, pronounces half my good or evil Fate for ever: But on my Knees I beg you, do not ſpeak till you have weigh'd it well:—Anſwer me with the ſame Truth and Sincerity, as you wou'd anſwer Heav'n at your lateſt Hour.

Love. Your Words confound me, Madam: ſome wondrous Secret ſure lies ripen'd in your Breaſt, and ſeems to ſtruggle for its fatal Birth. What is it I muſt anſwer you?

Am. Give me your real Thoughts of Virtue, Sir: Can you believe there ever was a Woman truly Miſtreſs of it, or is it only Notion?

Love. Let me conſider, Madam. [*Aſide.* What can this mean? Why is ſhe ſo earneſt in her Demands, and begs me to be ſerious, as if her Life depended upon my Anſwer?——I will reſolve her as I ought, as Truth, and Reaſon, and the ſtrange Occaſion ſeems to preſs me.]——Moſt of your Sex confound the very Name of Virtue; for they wou'd ſeem to live without Deſires; which, cou'd they do, that were not Virtue, but the Defect of unperforming Nature, and no praiſe to them: For who can boaſt a Victory, when they have no Foe to conquer? Now ſhe alone gives the faireſt Proofs of Virtue, whoſe Conſcience, and whoſe Force of Reaſon can curb her warm Deſires, when Opportunity wou'd raiſe 'em: That ſuch a Woman may be found, I dare believe.

Am. May I believe, that from your Soul you ſpeak this undiſſembled Truth?

Love. Madam, you may. But ſtill you rack me with an Amazement! Why am I aſk'd ſo ſtrange a Queſtion?

Am. I'll give you eaſe immediately.——Since then you have allow'd a Woman may be virtuous,———how will you excuſe the Man who leaves the Boſom of a Wife ſo qualify'd, for the abandon'd Pleaſures of deceitful Proſtitutes? ruins her Fortune, contemns her Counſel, loaths her Bed, and leaves her to the lingring Miſeries of Deſpair and Love: While, in return of all theſe Wrongs, ſhe, his

poor forſaken Wife, meditates no Revenge, but what her piercing Tears, and ſecret Vows to Heav'n for his Converſion yield her; yet ſtill loves on, is conſtant and unſhaken to the laſt. Can you believe that ſuch a Man can live without the Stings of Conſcience, and yet be Maſter of his Senſes? Conſcience! did you ne'er feel the Checks of it? Did it never, never tell you of your broken Vows?

Love. That you ſhou'd aſk me this, confounds my Reaſon:——And yet your Words are utter'd with ſuch a powerful Accent, they have awaken'd my Soul, and ſtrike my Thoughts with Horror and Remorſe. ——

[*Stands in a fix'd Poſture.*

Am. Then let me ſtrike you nearer, deeper yet. —— But arm your Mind with gentle Pity firſt, or I am loſt for ever.

Love. I am all Pity, all Faith, Expectation, and confus'd Amazement: Be kind, be quick, and eaſe my Wonder.

Am. Look on me well: Revive your dead Remembrance: And oh! for pity's ſake [*Kneels*] hate me not for loving long; faithfully forgive this innocent Attempt of a deſpairing Paſſion, and I ſhall die in quiet.

Love. Hah! ſpeak on! [*Amazed.*

Am. It will not be——The Word's too weighty for my faultring Tongue, and my Soul ſinks beneath the fatal Burden. Oh! —— [*Falls on the Ground.*

Love. Ha! ſhe faints! Look up, fair Creature! behold a Heart that bleeds for your Diſtreſs, and fain wou'd ſhare the Weight of your oppreſſing Sorrows. Oh! thou haſt rais'd a Thought within me, that ſhocks my Soul.

Am. 'Tis done — [*Riſing.*] The Conflict's paſt, and Heav'n bids me ſpeak undaunted. Know then, ev'n all the boaſted Raptures of your laſt Night's Love, you found in your *Amanda*'s Arms:——I am your Wife.

Love. Hah!

Am. For ever bleſs'd or miſerable, as your next Breath ſhall ſentence me.

Love. My Wife? impoſſible! Is ſhe not dead? How ſhall I believe thee?

Am. How Time and my Afflictions may have alter'd me, I know not; but here's an indelible Confirmation.

[*Bares*

[*Bares her Arms.*] Theſe ſpeaking Characters, which in their cheerful Bloom our early Paſſions mutually recorded.

Love. Hah! 'tis here:—'tis no Illuſion, but my real Name; which ſeems to upbraid me as a Witneſs of my perjur'd Love:—Oh, I am confounded with my Guilt, and tremble to behold thee.———Pray give me leave to think. [*Turns from her.*

Am. I will; [*Kneels.*] but you muſt look upon me: For only Eyes can hear the Language of the Eyes; and mine have ſure the tendereſt Tale of Love to tell, that ever Miſery, at the dawn of riſing Hope, cou'd utter.

Love. I have wrong'd you. (Oh! riſe!) baſely wrong'd you. And can I ſee your Face?

Am. One kind, one pitying Look, cancels thoſe Wrongs for ever. And oh! forgive my fond preſuming Paſſion: for from my Soul I pardon and forgive you all; all, all but this, the greateſt, your unkind Delay of Love.

Love. Oh! ſeal my Pardon with thy trembling Lips, while with this tender Graſp of fond reviving Love I ſeize my Bliſs, and ſtifle all thy Wrongs for ever.

[*Embraces her.*

Am. No more; I'll waſh away their Memory in Tears of flowing Joy.

Love. Oh! thou haſt rouz'd me from my deep Lethargy of Vice. For hitherto my Soul has been enſlav'd to looſe Deſires, to vain deluding Follies, and Shadows of ſubſtantial Bliſs: But now I wake with Joy, to find my Rapture real.—Thus let me kneel and pay my Thanks to her, whoſe conquering Virtue has at laſt ſubdu'd me. Here will I fix, thus proſtrate, figh my Shame, and waſh my Crimes in never-ceaſing Tears of Penitence.

Am. O riſe! this Poſture heaps new Guilt on me: Now you overpay me.

Love. Have I not uſed thee like a Villain? For almoſt ten long Years depriv'd thee of my Love, and ruin'd all thy Fortune? But I will labour, dig, beg, or ſtarve, to give new Proofs of my unfeign'd Affection.

Am. Forbear this Tenderneſs, leſt I repent of having mov'd your Soul ſo far. You ſhall not need to beg, Heav'n has provided for us beyond its common Care. 'Tis now near

near two Years ſince my Uncle, Sir *William Wealthy*, ſent you the News of my pretended Death; knowing the Extravagance of your Temper, he thought it fit you ſhou'd believe no other of me: and about a Month after he had ſent you that Advice, poor Man, he dy'd, and left me in full Poſſeſſion of Two Thouſand Pounds a Year, which I now cannot offer as a Gift, becauſe my Duty, and your lawful Right, makes you the undiſputed Maſter of it.

Love. How have I labour'd for my own undoing! while in deſpite of all my Follies, kind Heav'n reſolv'd my Happineſs.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, Sir *William Wiſewond* has ſent your Ladyſhip the Writings you deſir'd him, and ſays he'll wait on you immediately.

Am. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to withdraw a while, you may inform yourſelf how fair a Fortune you are Maſter of.

Love. None, none that can outweigh a virtuous Mind; while in my Arms I thus can circle thee, I graſp more Treaſure, than in a Day the poſting Sun can travel o'er. Oh! why have I ſo long been blind to the Perfections of thy Mind and Perſon? Not knowing thee a Wife, I found thee charming beyond the Wiſhes of luxurious Love. Is it then a Name, a Word ſhall rob thee of thy Worth? Can Fancy be a ſurer Guide to Happineſs than Reaſon? Oh, I have wander'd like a benighted Wretch, and loſt myſelf in Life's unpleaſing Journey!

'Twas heedleſs Fancy firſt that made me ſtray,
But Reaſon now breaks forth, and lights me on my way.

[Exeunt.

The SCENE *changes to an Entry.*

Enter three or four Servants.

1*ſt Serv.* Prithee, *Tom*, make haſte below there; my Lady has order'd Dinner at half an Hour after One, preciſely. Look out ſome of the Red that came in laſt.

(*Two of the Servants haul* Snap *and* Amanda's *Woman out of the Cellar.*

2*d Serv.* Come, Sir, come out here, and ſhew your Face.

Wom. Oh, I am undone! ruin'd!

2*d*

2d Serv. Pray, Sir, who are you? and what was your Buſineſs? and how, in the Devil's Name, came you here?

Snap. Why, truly, Sir, the Fleſh led me to the Cellar Door; but I believe the Devil puſh'd me in. —— That Gentlewoman can inform you better.

3d Serv. Pray, Mrs. *Anne*, how came you two together in the Cellar?

Wom. Why, he—he—pu—pu pull'd me in. (*Sobbing.*

3d Serv. But how the Devil came he in?

Wom. He fe—fe—fe—fell in.

2d Serv. How came he into the Houſe?

Wom. I don—do—don't know.

2d. Serv, Ah! you are a Crocodile; I thought what was the Reaſon I cou'd never get a good Word from you. What, in a Cellar too? But come, Sir, we will take Care of you, however. Bring him along; we will firſt carry him before my Lady, and then toſs him in a Blanket.

Snap. Nay, but Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen — [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveleſs, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Narciſſa, *and* Hillaria.

El. Wor. This is indeed a joyful Day; we muſt all congratulate your Happineſs.

Am. Which while our Lives permit us to enjoy, we muſt ſtill reflect with Gratitude on the generous Author of it. Sir, we owe you more than Words can pay you.

Love. Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my Gratitude be dumb till it can ſpeak in Actions.

Y. Wor. The Succeſs of the Deſign I thought on, ſufficiently rewards me.

Hil. When I reflect upon *Amanda*'s paſt Afflictions, I cou'd almoſt weep to think of her unexpected Change of Fortune.

El. Wor. Methinks her fair Example ſhou'd perſuade all conſtant Wives ne'er to repine at unrewarded Virtue. Nay, ev'n my Brother being the firſt Adviſer of it, has aton'd for all the Looſeneſs of his Character.

Love. I never can return his Kindneſs.

Nar. In a ſhort time, Sir, I ſuppoſe you'll meet with an Opportunity, if you can find a Receipt to preſerve Love, after his Honey-Moon's over.

Love.

Love. The Receipt is eaſily found, Madam; Love's a tender Plant, which can't live out of a warm Bed: You muſt take Care, with undiſſembled Kindneſs, to keep him from the Northern Blaſt of Jealouſy.

Nar. But I have heard, your experienc'd Lovers make uſe of Coldneſs, and that's more agreeable to my Inclination.

Love. Coldneſs, Madam, before Marriage, like throwing a little Water upon a clear Fire, makes it burn the fiercer; but after Marriage, you muſt ſtill take care to lay on freſh Fuel.

Nar. Oh fie, Sir! How many Examples have we of Mens hating their Wives for being too fond of 'em?

Love. No wonder, Madam: You may ſtifle a Flame, by heaping on too great a Load.

Nar. Nay, Sir, if there be no other way of deſtroying his Paſſion for me, he may love till Doomſday.

El. Wor. Humh! don't you ſmell Powder, Gentlemen? Sir *Novelty* is not far off.

Love. What not our Fellow-Collegian, I hope, that was expell'd the Univerſity for beating the Proctor?

El. Wor. The ſame.

Love. Does that Weed grow ſtill?

El. Wor. Ay, faith, and as rank as ever, as you ſhall ſee; for here he comes.

Enter Sir Novelty.

Sir *Nov*. Ladies, your humble Servant. Dear *Loveleſs*, let me embrace thee, I am overjoy'd at thy good Fortune: Stop my Vitals—the whole Town rings of it already—My Lady *Tattle-tongue* has tir'd a pair of Horſes in ſpreading the News about. Hearing, Gentlemen, that you were all met upon an extraordinary good Occaſion, I cou'd not reſiſt this Opportunity of joining my Joy with yours: For you muſt know I am——

Nar. Marry'd, Sir?

Sir *Nov*. To my Liberty, Madam; I have juſt parted from my Miſtreſs.

Nar. And pray, Sir, how do you find your ſelf after it?

Sir *Nov*. The happieſt Man alive, *Madam*; Pleaſant, eaſy, gay, light, and free as Air: Ha! [*Capers*.] I beg

beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, Madam, but upon my Soul I cannot confine my Rapture.

Nar. Are you ſo indifferent, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* O Madam! ſhe's engag'd already to a Temple Beau: I ſaw 'em in a Coach together, ſo fond, and bore it with as unmov'd a Countenance, as *Tom Worthy* does a thund'ring Jeſt in a Comedy, when the whole Houſe roars at it.

Y. Wor. Pray, Sir, what occaſion'd your Separation?

Sir *Nov.* Why, this Sir:—You muſt know, ſhe being ſtill poſſeſs'd with a brace of implacable Devils, call'd Revenge and Jealouſy, dogg'd me this Morning to the Chocolate-houſe, where I was oblig'd to leave a Letter for a young fooliſh Girl, that—(you'll excuſe me, Sir) which I had no ſooner deliver'd to the Maid of the Houſe, but, whip, ſhe ſnatches it out of her Hand, flew at her like a Dragon, tore off her Headcloths, flung down three or four Sets of Lemonade-glaſſes, daſh'd my Lord *Whiffle*'s Chocolate in his Face, cut him over the Noſe, and had like to have ſtrangl'd me in my own Steinkirk.

Love. Pray, Sir, how did this end?

Sir *Nov.* Comically, ſtop my Vitals; for in the Cloud of Powder that ſhe had batter'd out of the Beau's Periwigs, I ſtole away: After which, I ſent a Friend to her with an Offer, which ſhe readily accepted (three hundred Pounds a year during Life) provided ſhe wou'd renounce all Claims to me, and reſign my Perſon to my own Diſpoſal.

El. Wor. Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you were a little too extravagant in your Settlement, conſidering how the Price of Women is fallen.

Sir *Nov.* Therefore I did it——to be the firſt Man ſhou'd raiſe their Price: For the Devil take me, the Women of the Town now come down ſo low, that my very Footman, while he kept my Place t'other Day at the Playhouſe, carry'd a Mask out of the Side-box with him, and, ſtop my Vitals, the Rogue is now taking Phyſick for't.

Enter the Servants with Snap.

1*ſt. Serv.* Come, bring him along there.

Love. How now? hah! *Snap* in hold? Pray let's know Buſineſs; releaſe him, Gentlemen.

1*ſt Serv.*

1ſt Serv. Why, an't pleaſe you, Sir, this Fellow was taken in the Cellar with my Lady's Woman: She ſays he kept her in by Force, and was rude to her: She ſtands crying here without, and begs her Ladyſhip to do her Juſtice.

Am. Mr. *Loveleſs*, we are both the Occaſion of this Misfortune; and for the poor Girl's Reputation ſake, ſomething ſhou'd be done.

Love. Snap, anſwer me directly, have you lain with this poor Girl?

Snap. Why truly, Sir, imagining you were doing little leſs with my Lady, I muſt confeſs I did commit Familiarity with her, or ſo, Sir.

Love. Then you ſhall marry her, Sir. No Reply, unleſs it be your Promiſe.

Snap. Marry her! O Lord, Sir, after I have lain with her? Why, Sir, how the Devil can you think a Man can have any Stomach to his Dinner, after he has had three or four Slices off the Spit?

Love. Well, Sirrah, to renew your Appetite, and becauſe thou haſt been my old Acquaintance, I'll give thee an hundred Pounds with her, and thirty Pounds a Year during Life, to ſet you up in ſome honeſt Employment.

Snap. Ah, Sir, now I underſtand you: Heav'n reward you. Well, Sir, I partly find that the genteel Scenes of our Lives are pretty well over; and I thank Heav'n, that I have ſo much Grace left, that I can repent, when I have no more Opportunities of being wicked.—Come, Spouſe, [*She enters*] here's my Hand, the reſt of my Body ſhall be forth coming.—Ah! little did my Maſter and I think laſt Night that we were robbing our own Orchards.

(*Exeunt.*

El. Wor. Brother, ſtand upon your Guard; here comes Sir *William*.

Enter Sir William Wiſewoud.

Sir *Wil.* Joy, Joy to you all. Madam, I congratulate your good Fortune. Well, my dear Rogue, muſt not I give thee Joy too, ha?

Y. Wor. If you pleaſe, Sir: But I confeſs I have more than I deſerve already.

Sir *Wil.* And art thou marry'd?

Y. Wor.

Y. Wor. Yes, Sir, I am marry'd.

Sir *Wil.* Odſo, I am glad on't: I dare ſwear thou doſt not grudge me the 5000 *l.*

Y. Wor. Not I, really, Sir: You have given me all my Soul could wiſh for, but the addition of a Father's Bleſſing. (*Kneels with* Narciſſa.

Sir *Wil.* Humh! what doſt thou mean? I am none of thy Father.

Y. Wor. This Lady is your Daughter, Sir, I hope.

Sir *Wil.* Prithee get up, prithee get up, thou art ſtark mad. True, I believe ſhe may be my Daughter: Well, and ſo, Sir—

Y. Wor. If ſhe be not, I'm certain ſhe's my Wife, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Humh! Mr. *Worthy*, pray, Sir, do me the Favour to help me to underſtand your Brother a little—Do you know any thing of his being marry'd?

El. Wor. Then, without any Abuſe, Sir *William*, he marry'd your Daughter this very Morning, not an Hour ago, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Pray, Sir, whoſe Conſent had you? Who adviſ'd you to it?

Y. Wor. Our mutual Love, and your Conſent, Sir; which theſe Writings entitling her to a thouſand Pounds a Year, and this Bond, whereby you have oblig'd your ſelf to pay me five thouſand Pounds on our Day of Marriage, are ſufficient Proofs of.

Sir *Wil.* He, he! I gave your Brother ſuch a Bond, Sir.

Y. Wor. You did ſo; but the Obligation is to me: Look there, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Very good, this is my Hand, I muſt confeſs, Sir: And what then?

Y. Wor. Why then, I expect my five thouſand Pounds, Sir: Pray, Sir, do you know my Name?

Sir *Wil.* I am not drunk, Sir; I am ſure it was *Worthy*, and *Jack*, or *Tom*, or *Dick*, or ſomething.

Y. Wor. No, Sir, I'll ſhew you—'tis *William*; look you there, Sir: You ſhou'd have taken more care of the Lawyer, Sir, that fill'd up the Blank.

El. Wor. So, now his Eyes are open.

Sir

Sir *Wil.* And have you marry'd my Daughter againſt my Conſent, and trick'd me out of five thouſand Pounds, Sir?

Hil. His Brother, Sir, has marry'd me too with my Conſent, and I am not trick'd out of five thouſand Pounds.

Sir *Wil.* Inſulting Witch! Look ye, Sir, I never had a ſubſtantial Cauſe to be angry in my Life before: But now I have Reaſon on my Side, I will indulge my Indignation moſt immoderately: I muſt confeſs, I have not Patience to wait the ſlow Redreſs of a tedious Law-ſuit; therefore am reſolv'd to right myſelf the neareſt Way; —— Draw, draw, Sir; You muſt not enjoy my five thouſand Pounds, tho' I fling as much more after it, in procuring a Pardon for killing you. [*They hold him*] Let me come at him; I'll murder him; I'll cut him; I'll tear him, I'll broil him, and eat him; a Rogue! a Dog! a curſed Dog! a cut-throat, murdering Dog!

El. Wor. O fie! Sir *William*, how monſtrous is this Paſſion!

Sir *Wil.* You have diſarm'd me, but I ſhall find a time to poiſon him.

Love. Think better on't, Sir *William*; your Daughter has marry'd a Gentleman, and one whoſe Love entitles him to her Perſon.

Sir *Wil.* Ay, but the five thouſand Pounds, Sir—Why the very Report of his having ſuch a Fortune, will ruin him. I'll warrant you, within this Week he will have more Duns at his Chamber in a Morning, than a gaming Lord after a good Night at the Groom-Porter's, or a Poet upon the fourth Day of his new Play. I ſhall never be pleaſed with paying it againſt my own Conſent, Sir.

Hil. Yet you wou'd have had me done it, Sir *William*: But, however, I heartily wiſh you wou'd as freely forgive Mr. *Worthy*, as I do you, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* I muſt confeſs, this Girl's Good-nature makes me aſham'd of what I have offer'd: But, Mr. *Worthy*, I did not expect ſuch Uſage from a Man of your Character; I always took you for a Gentleman.

El. Wor. You ſhall find me no other, Sir. Brother, a Word with you.

Love.

Love. Sir *William*, I have ſome Obligations to this Gentleman, and have ſo great a Confidence in your Daughter's Merit, and his Love, that I here promiſe to return you your five thouſand Pounds, if after the Expiration of one Year, you are then diſſatisfy'd in his being your Son-in-law.

Y. Wor. But ſee, Brother, he has foreſtal'd your Purpoſe.

El. Wor. Mr. *Loveleſs*, you have been beforehand with me, but you muſt give me leave to offer Sir *William* my joint Security for what you promis'd him.

Love. With all my Heart, Sir: Dare you take our Bonds, Sir *William?*

Y. Wor. Hold, Gentlemen; I ſhou'd bluſh to be oblig'd to that Degree: Therefore, Sir *William*, as the firſt Proof of that Reſpect and Duty I owe a Father, I here, unaſk'd, return your Bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my Conduct ſhall deſerve it.

Am. This is indeed a generous Act; methinks 'twere Pity it ſhould go unrewarded.

Sir *Wil.* Nay, now you vanquiſh me; after this, I can't ſuſpect your future Conduct: There, Sir, 'tis yours; I acknowledge the Bond, and wiſh you all the Happineſs of a bridal Bed. Heaven's Bleſſings on you both: Now riſe, my Boy; and let the World know 'twas I ſet you upon your Legs again.

Y. Wor. I'll ſtudy to deſerve your Bounty, Sir.

Love. Now, Sir *William*, you have ſhewn yourſelf a Father. This prudent Action has ſecur'd your Daughter from the uſual Conſequence of a ſtol'n Marriage, a Parent's Curſe. Now ſhe muſt be happy in her Love, while you have ſuch a tender Care on't.

Am. This is indeed a happy Meeting: We all of us have drawn our ſeveral Prizes in the Lottery of human Life; therefore I beg our Joys may be united: Not one of us muſt part this Day. The Ladies I'll intreat my Gueſts.

Love. The reſt are mine, and I hope will often be ſo.

Am. 'Tis yet too ſoon to dine: therefore, to divert us in the mean time, what think you of a little Muſick? the Subject perhaps not improper to this Occaſion.

El. Wor. 'Twill oblige us, Madam; we are all Lovers of it.

The

The SCENE draws, and diſcovers LOVE ſeated on a Throne, attended with a CHORUS.

Fame. *HAIL! Hail! victorious* Love!
To whom all Hearts below,
With no leſs Pleaſure bow,
Than to the thund'ring Jove,
The happy Souls above.
Cho. *Hail!* &c.

Enter Reaſon.

Reaſon. *Ceaſe, ceaſe, fond Fools, your empty Noiſe,*
And follow not ſuch idle Joys:
Love *gives you but a ſhort-liv'd Bliſs,*
But I beſtow immortal Happineſs.

Love. *Rebellious* Reaſon, *talk no more;*
Of all my Slaves, I thee abhor:
But thou, alas! doſt ſtrive in vain
To free the Lover from a pleaſing Chain;
In ſpite of Reaſon, Love *ſhall live and reign.*
Cho. *In ſpite,* &c.

A Martial Symphony.

Enter Honour.

Hon. *What Wretch would follow* Love's *Alarms,*
When Honour's *Trumpet ſounds to Arms?*
Hark! how the warlike Notes inſpire
In ev'ry Breaſt a glowing Fire.

Love. *Hark! how it ſwells with Love and ſoft Deſire*

Hon. *Behold, behold the marry'd State,*
By thee too ſoon betray'd,
Repenting now too late.

Enter

Enter Marriage, *with his Yoke.*

Marr. *O! tell me, cruel* God *of* Love,
Why didſt thou my Thoughts poſſeſs
With an eternal Round of Happineſs?
And yet, alas! I lead a wretched Life,
Doom'd to this galling Yoke, — the Emblem of a Wife.

Love. *Ungrateful Wretch! how dar'ſt thou* Love *upbraid?*
I gave thee Raptures in the bridal Bed.

Marr. *Long ſince, alas! the airy Viſion fled,*
And I with wandring Flames my Paſſion feed.
O! tell me, pow'rful God,
Where I ſhall find
My former Peace of Mind?

Love. *Where firſt I promis'd thee a happy Life,*
There thou ſhalt find it, in a virtuous Wife.

Love *and* Fame.

Go home, unhappy Wretch, and mourn
For all thy guilty Paſſion paſt;
There thou ſhalt thoſe Joys return,
Which ſhall for ever, ever laſt.

End with the firſt *Chorus.*

Love. 'Twas generouſly deſign'd, and all my Life to come ſhall ſhew how I approve the Moral. Oh *Amanda!* once more receive me to thy Arms; and while I am there, let all the World confeſs my Happineſs. By my Example taught, let every Man, whoſe Fate has bound him to a marry'd Life, beware of letting looſe his wild Deſires: For if Experience may be allow'd to judge, I muſt proclaim the Folly of a wandring Paſſion. The greateſt Happineſs we can hope on Earth,

And ſure the neareſt to the Joys above,
Is the chaſte Rapture of a virtuous Love.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miſs Cross, who ſung Cupid.

NOW, Gallants, for the Author. Firſt, To you
Kind City-Gentlemen o'th' middle Row;
He hopes you nothing to his Charge can lay,
There's not a Cuckold made in all his Play.
Nay, you muſt own, if you believe your Eyes,
He draws his Pen againſt your Enemies:
For he declares, to-day, he merely ſtrives
To maul the Beaux —— becauſe they maul your Wives.
Now, Sirs, To you whoſe ſole Religion's Drinking,
Whoring, Roaring, without the Pain of Thinking,
He fears he's made a Fault you'll ne'er forgive,
A Crime beyond the Hopes of a Reprieve:
An honeſt Rake forego the Joys of Life,
His Whores, and Wine, t' embrace a dull chaſte Wife!
Such out-of-faſhion Stuff! But then again,
He's lewd for above four Acts, Gentlemen.
For faith, he knew, when once he'd chang'd his Fortune,
And reform'd his Vice, 'twas time—to drop the Curtain.
Four Acts for your coarſe Palates were deſign'd,
But then the Ladies Taſte is more refin'd,
They, for Amanda's *Sake, will ſure be kind.*
Pray let this Figure once your Pity move:
Can you reſiſt the pleading God of Love?
In vain my Pray'rs the other Sex purſue,
Unleſs your conqu'ring Smiles their ſtubborn Hearts ſubdue.

FINIS.